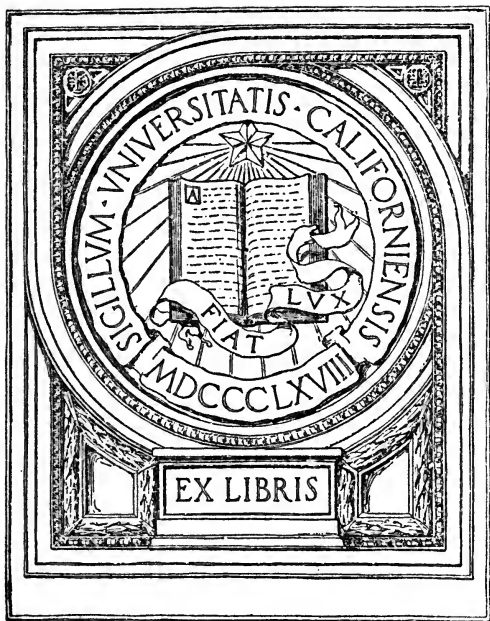




In The Days of Brigham Young

By

Arthur Thomas



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ARTHUR THOMAS



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ARTHUR THOMAS

Affectionately dedicated to
MY MOTHER

In the Days of Brigham Young

PART I

CHAPTER I.

MUCH has been said and written of the Mormons, of their life, habits, pernicious political activity, of the institution of plural marriage, and the cunning, unscrupulous methods by which they have fostered and kept alive that institution. Some that has been said and written is true; much of it false; and most of it inaccurate. This book is a true story of my life, not an attack on Mormonism, not a defense of it, simply an account of the romantic adventures and stirring incidents of my stormy career.

I, Joseph Lorenzo, was born in "Zion" in the days when Brigham Young ruled it with an iron hand, by means of prayer and revelation when such methods seemed expedient, and by intrigue and murder when it seemed best to him. I am the eighteenth offspring of Henry Lorenzo, and the second child by his third plural wife. Being a polygamous child, reared in a polygamous household and taught the doctrines of the Mormon Church from the time when

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words first conveyed thought to my childish mind, and having taken an active part in the work of the church during my boyhood and early manhood, I feel that the reader will be justified in concluding that what is said here of Mormonism is accurate, and that I know whereof I speak.

I was born on a farm which is now partly within the corporate limits of Salt Lake City, Utah. Our house was typical of the time, community, and manner of living, being a long, irregular, clumsily designed structure, surrounded by half grown Carolina poplars. The main part, which was built first, was of adobe brick. The several additions, which were tacked on later to meet with the stress of events, when the Lord of the household saw fit to bring home a new wife, or as the Mormons put it, "add a new star to his crown," were of wood.

The old brick part was extremely plain, both inside and out. There was no veranda, simply steps leading up to the three apartments into which the old brick structure was divided. Each section was exactly the same, having three rooms below and two above. The windows were small, with little old fashioned panes of glass; the only departure from rigid plainness being a little dormer window in the roof of each section. There was only one entrance in the front and one in the rear of each apartment, and no connection between them.

The new additions were more pretentious, varying in size and accoutrements, according to the amount of influence the occupant exercised over the Lord of the household. The favorite wife, for instance, had by far the most luxurious suite, both as to size and conveniences. Nothing was spared, all the comforts and luxuries obtainable were in evidence.

Of the character, disposition, and life of the peo-

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ple living in the various apartments of our house, more anon. We shall now turn to the humble little refuge occupied by mother, sister Ruth and me. My mother being the third "star" was permitted to shine rather obscurely in the third apartment of the old building, the one adjacent to the new additions. Our living room faced the road, and was furnished with three chairs of the ancient straightbacked variety, and a rag carpet, which was the fruit of my mother's industry. The paperless walls were adorned by two pictures, one of my maternal grandmother, and one of Brigham Young. Here I received my education, religious and otherwise.

My mother was not of polygamous birth, but the child of a legitimate marriage consummated in England. When she was a child of ten my maternal grandmother, a widow keeping a country inn, was proselyted by a Mormon "missionary" and brought to the "promised land." Thus mother was taken at a tender age and brought up in the faith. As I look back, I can see that her emotional disposition, with enough of that English determination for consistency, was a soil on which religious fanaticism would be sure to flourish. She was a true-hearted woman, who lived as she was taught and was ever ready to sacrifice herself to duty. I can close my eyes and see her seated in her rocker, with her grey head bent over the Book of Mormon, her thin, acetic face lighted up with the hope of pleasure promised to the faithful in the world to come. God knows she saw little enough of pleasure in this life. So wrapped up in religion was she that she did not seem to appreciate the injustice with which she was treated. Her one pleasure in life was to care for my sister Ruth and me and instruct us in the doctrine of the faith.

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Henry Lorenzo, as I remember him in the days of my childhood, was rugged, thick set, of medium height and energetic of mind and body. He wore a full beard sprinkled with grey, as was also his long dark hair which hung nearly to his shoulders. He had a full, plethoric face, firm jaw and aquiline nose. His deep set, piercing grey eyes looked out from beneath heavy, black, overhanging eyebrows. The large mouth with full, sensual lips, exposed, when he smiled, a handsome set of strong white teeth, perfectly formed. To outward appearances he was always cool even when angered; and was usually indulgent to wives and children in anything that did not affect his purse or thwart him in his pursuit of wives and riches; but let anyone dare to oppose him along these lines and such an one would find him unscrupulous, cruel and dangerous. Withall he was a man whose general appearance would give him rank in any company of men as a personality to be considered.

I consider myself, up to the time I broke away from the faith, a fair type of what is called a good Mormon. I was honest, with health of mind and body, industrious, and innocent of what are called "bad habits." This much must be said in favor of the Mormons—they actually practice their beliefs, which is more, I regret to say, than do most of the Christians I have met. They do not "waste their substance in riotous living," being total abstainers from alcoholics and narcotics, and teaching, and in most instances practicing stoicism in regard to health. It is a common maxim in every Mormon household, that if one does an act which will in any way tend to injure one's health, one is "breaking the word of wisdom." Thus coffee and tea are tabooed as is any other food that is known to be in-

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jurious, however palatable. The family and social life is democratic in every particular. A hired maid-servant is treated with the same consideration, and given the same privileges as a member of the family. All Mormons are lovers of music and are fond of dancing and social events of all kinds, which is evidenced today by the prosperity of the many dance halls, theatres and music stores of Salt Lake City.

Mormonism, as taught to me by my mother, seemed to me then, and for many years, the embodiment of all things holy and divine. In fact, I knew very little of other religions except in a general way, I was taught that the world at large, outside of the "faith" was heathen; that Salt Lake was the largest and most beautiful city in the world; and that I was of the chosen, living in the "Promised Land," waiting for a short time to be brought directly to heaven, there to reign as a God, shining in rank, power, and divine favor, in accordance with the number of wives I supported on earth, and the manner in which I lived up to the "doctrine." As I grew up I became ardent in the faith with the energy of my father, without his dishonesty, thank God, and with the emotional zeal of my mother. Henry Lorenzo was president of the Granite Stake, a member of the seventies, and an apostle. Consequently when I began to evidence marked zeal in the work of the church, as his offspring, I was, of course, put to the front. It was not until a comparatively recent date that the Mormons favored education. In fact, in the early days it was suppressed. The children were taught the fundamentals of arithmetic and reading and writing by their parents, which was the extent of education. Public speaking was in high favor and natural oratory highly developed. Hence,

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at the age of eighteen I had "lifted my voice in meeting" and delivered what seemed to my fond mother and me, a soul stirring oration; certainly it was impassioned.

I worked on the farm, doing the same work as the hired men, as soon as I was strong enough, and received no recompense save clothing and a living. The father of a Mormon family does not hesitate to exploit the labor of his children and wives. Indeed it is one of his greatest assets.

I was taught that the United States Government was a tyrannical, heathen institution to be thwarted, hated, and some day destroyed; that it had murdered the divine Joseph Smith, and had always persecuted the faithful and Godly. I never saw the New Testament until I had broken from the Mormon faith, as it is but a minor incident in the Mormon teaching, but I, like all Mormons, knew the book of Mormon and "The Pearl of the Covenant" as intimately as Christian youngsters know the story of Joseph and his coat of many colors. This was the environment of my youth, and nothing was brought to my mind that would challenge the divinity of the system until I reached manhood.

CHAPTER II.

IN the little family circle, composed of mother, sister Ruth and me, life was peaceful and free from discord. But Henry Lorenzo found difficulty which called forth the exercise of all his diplomacy in keeping his less spiritually minded wives from quarreling. This was especially true of those who had personal charms and influence with him; each tried to obtain the most favors and good things for herself and children. There was seldom an open break, but always an undercurrent of strife and jealousy.

I recall the advent of the seventh wife when I was about fourteen years old, which caused a disturbance that was common. He installed the new "star" in a new addition, furnished in a manner considered sumptuous in our community, and provided her with a horse and carriage for her exclusive use. No comment was made as to the apartments, but the horse and wagon caused the undercurrent to appear on the surface in the shape of a violent domestic storm, owing to the jealousy of the hitherto favorite wife. She came to our apartments in a rage to pour out her troubles, as she knew that mother was the only one not glad to see her shorn of her power with the Lord of the household. It happened that he came in before mother calmed her, and a stormy scene ensued. Joseph assumed his best patriarchal dignity and evidently expected to put an end to the matter with a stern look and a few quotations from the book of Mormon. He was

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unable, however, to lay hold offhand on a passage that warranted this providing one wife with a private carriage while the others walked, or rode with the whole family, if I may call our multitudinous household such; so he resorted to the never failing threat, that it was only by his consent, that she or any of his wives could hope to enjoy the kingdom of heaven. She retorted that she would rather smoulder in h—— than see the new wife enjoying a private carriage while she walked, and went out slamming the door. She never regained favor, and it is safe to say, that she is not one of his consorts in the world to come, if he has anything to say about it.

My first real adventure, arising out of the faith, occurred when I was a lad of fourteen. One evening I was at a dance in the Stake house and had gone outside partly because I wanted to enjoy a breath of air, and partly because I was jealous of my oldest half-brother, who was dancing with a girl over whom I was having my first attack of love sickness. It was a warm evening in the early fall, and, seating myself on the ground with my back against a tree, I proceeded to nurse my wounded heart, and to plan some deed of valor that would call the attention of the lady of my desires to my superior qualities. I noticed two men seated in a wagon standing near, talking in low tones and thought I recognized two gentile cattle buyers who had been at the farm the day before to buy cattle. I was in no mood for company and continued to nurse my wounded feelings, and to plan some feat of daring, some deed of valor that would cause all "Zion," and incidentally, a particular young lady, to wonder. I had been occupied with such thoughts for perhaps ten minutes, when I caught a remark of one of the strangers that caused me to listen to them, tense with interest.

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"L. D. S., Latter Day Saints! Look at old Hank Lorenzo. Do you know what L. D. S. stands for as far as he is concerned? I'll tell you: 'Lorenzo draws the spoils.' Why, the old cuss has money enough to buy the biggest ranch west of the Mississippi River; and if he keeps on corraling wives he'll soon have enough human live-stock to graze it down. Did you see the old Turk patting that little fifteen year old girl on her pretty blonde head just as we came out? Hank has a weakness for blondes. I'll bet my profits on this trip against your old felt hat, that it will be revealed to Hank inside of a year, that it is the Lord's will that she should brighten up his crown a bit, and if there's any kicking, some one will stand a fine chance of being 'blood atoned.'"

"Go easy; hold that bull's bellow of yours," the other stranger cautioned. "If some 'saint' hears you you will stand as good a chance for the atonement job as anyone."

How dared these men speak thus of God's chosen people! I was paralyzed with anger and astonishment.

The first speaker continued in a more subdued tone. "The old rascal is a mixture of fox, billy goat and grizzly bear, with a man's body. He is an old timer—I have heard it pretty straight that he was the one that planned the 'Mountain Meadow Massacre,' and he sure looks like he would be up to such tricks."

His companion was uneasy and got out of the wagon, grumbling something unintelligible. The first speaker stretched his long limbs lazily and followed. My anger was at the boiling point and it suddenly occurred to me that this was the opportunity I was longing for, that God had sent these men that I might have an opportunity to prove my devotion to the faith, and win a place in His favor and in the

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sight of man. With the rashness of youth and the strength of anger upon me, I sprang to my feet and confronted the strangers with clinched fists, and glared at the face of the man who had dared to speak slightly of the things I held holy and sacred. They were evidently surprised, to put it mildly; and even in the dim moonlight I could see that they were considerably perturbed.

"What's biting you, sonny?" drawled the one who had done the talking.

I do not know what I hoped to accomplish alone and single-handed against two full grown men, but with no thought of consequences, I sprang at him, vainly endeavoring to strike him in the face.

He grasped me by the front of my shirt and easily held me at a safe distance, saying, "Easy boy, you'll hurt yourself."

I began to bite, kick and scratch in impotent fury. The other man caught my hands and said soothingly: "What's the matter, boy, are you crazy?" and to his partner: "You have stirred this young whelp up and he will have the whole pack on us in a minute, and we'll be in a fine mess."

For the first time it occurred to me to call for help, but exaggerated boyish pride came with the thought. All this occurred within a few yards of the Stake House where the dance was going merrily forward. I struggled desperately, and evidently thinking I would cry out, one of them put his hand roughly over my mouth. I prayed silently as I struggled, that the Lord might give me strength even as he did David of old, so I might conquer and annihilate these ungodly giants. The hand on my mouth almost suffocated me. I succeeded in getting a hold on it with my teeth and bit deep with the strength of fury. I do not know whether the man I bit

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struck me or hurled me against the wagon. I have a dim recollection of a shock, and remember nothing until I came to consciousness, lying on the ground near the wagon. At first I did not know where I was, but the sound of music and dancing quickly brought the realization of what had occurred. I was weak, sick, and trembling. All the fight had gone out of me leaving me as frightened as though I had wakened from a nightmare. I was conscious of a dull ache in the back of my head and felt there expecting to find it wet with blood, and was relieved to find only a good-sized lump. I stood up and started to go into the Stake House but changed my mind and directed my steps homeward.

I found mother up working over her carpet loom. She was shocked at my appearance, which clearly indicated fighting, of which I had oftentimes been guilty. She said nothing as it was her custom (not prevalent among mothers) to pass judgment after she had learned the facts. When she had heard my story she kissed me, and set about administering all the home remedies available. By that time the wagon-load of people from our house who had been at the dance drove up, and mother called Henry Lorenzo that she might communicate something of importance to him. I heard him ask if I had returned, as they had missed me, and knew he was coming with reluctance, fearing, no doubt, that mother wanted to discuss some point of faith, as she often did at any hour, if troubled over some problem. He was very much surprised at my story, and I think he would have discredited it if it had not been for the sudden disappearance of the cattle-buyers, who were the guests of a neighbor. He administered a rebuke for my failing to come quickly to him and tell him what I had heard—tempered with a compliment for

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my zealous defense of him and the faith, and promised to take me to town the next day to a celebration, as a reward for my action.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day found me feeling as well as ever, save for a tender lump on the back of my head and a general stiffness. I was up even earlier than usual, and set about my "chores" with vim. The prospect of going to Salt Lake with Henry Lorenzo to a celebration appealed to me very strongly, not because I looked up to him with the admiration and affection that boys of my age usually entertain for their fathers, as there had never existed the close relation of parent and child between us. He always treated his children with the same indifference he did the hired help. I looked up to him much as I did to all grown men, with more awe and respect perhaps, since his was a personality that commanded it.

I had heard nothing of a celebration and was curious to learn the cause, for there is but one holiday really celebrated by the Mormons—Emigration Day, which falls in the latter part of July. It is the anniversary of the arrival of the "faithful" into the "promised land," and is the Mormon Christmas, Thanksgiving and Fourth of July all wrapped up into one. Hence, I consulted Moab Snow, whom I found currying the horses in the barn. Moab was strong in the faith. He had been among the "persecuted" that had fled from Nāvoo and had suffered much for his devotion both physically and financially. He was now earning his living as Henry Lorenzo's right hand man. He had been more like a father to me than Henry Lorenzo. There was a strong

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bond of sympathy between us, due to the fact that we both felt intensely the wrongs we believed had been done our people. My trend of thought and opinions, aside from mother's teachings, had been moulded largely by him. I looked forward eagerly to the time when I would be old enough to become a member of the "Lions of the Lord," a secret organization which worked the will of the church in those matters which it dared not accomplish publicly, and of which Moab was a prominent member.

I had forgotten, for the time being, my adventure of the previous night, so engrossed was I with the prospect of my trip to town. That Moab was not in a very good humor was clearly evident from the fact that his old slouch hat was pulled as far down over his eyes as was possible, and yet give him sufficient scope of vision to work. When in a good humor, his hat was always pushed far back on his head, exposing a high narrow forehead and deep-set, grey eyes, sparsely adorned with colorless eyebrows and lashes. On these occasions, his weather-beaten face was lighted up with the semblance of a smile. His six feet of muscular bony body was bent to the task of vigorously currying the mud from the roan mare's front feet. Without so much as a good morning, I eagerly inquired if he knew the cause of the celebration in the city that day, and what it was going to be like. Moab stopped working, sat down in the bedding of the box stall, and pushed his hat back a little, which told me the subject was a pleasing one.

"The children of Zion," quoth he, "are going to give the persecuted and saintly Prophet K—— a turnout in honor of his being let out of the cursed, gentile prison where he has been for the past three months. Why? Because he was, and is, a zealous worker in God's Kingdom; because he followed the

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Word of the Lord as revealed; and took unto himself many wives, that the children of Zion might increase, and his crown be bright in the world to come."

Moab was in a mood for a lengthy discourse and continued to rail at the iniquity of the accursed Philistines. I was in too great a state of excitement to give much heed, and soon escaped to my waiting breakfast.

My ever-thoughtful mother had put my best clothes in a presentable condition again, and I was soon washed, dressed, and in a position where Henry Lorenzo could not fail to see me in my unusual attire, thus obviating the possibility of his forgetting his promise to take me with him. Moab hitched the mustangs to the democrat wagon and I drove them proudly to the stepping stone. Henry greeted me with unusual affability, taking a seat beside me and relieving me of the reins, much to my disappointment, as I had hoped to do the driving myself. We were soon joined by his two favorite wives. One, a Swedish girl scarcely out of her teens, was good to look at and pleasing in conversation. The other was an attractive blonde, who carried herself and dressed with an air that I have since learned to associate with women who earn their living on the stage. After driving in silence a few minutes, Henry asked me to repeat the story of my adventure of the previous night. He listened in grim silence, but with an expression that boded ill for my opponents if they should ever come into his power. I was too honest and unsophisticated to omit anything they had said, and, boy that I was, I felt vaguely that their remarks regarding his preference for the little blonde, and their prediction as to consequent revelation, struck home, and that it was this, rather than their treat-

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ment of me, or the affront to our religion, that angered him. I longed to ask him if he would have them "blood atoned," and why he did not arouse the neighborhood the night before and follow them. I ventured to question him concerning the latter, and he said he would leave their punishment to the Lord, at the same time whipping up the horses in a manner that told me the subject was dropped.

Our fleet mustangs overtook several other conveyances of various descriptions, all loaded to their utmost capacity with people in gala attire. Evidently the news had spread by the "grape vine telegraph," and this was to be a day of general festivity. We drove up what is now State Street, then only a wide and exceedingly muddy road, to the tithing house. This was exactly like one of our eastern markets, except that the farmers brought here, one-tenth of all they produced and gave it to the church. The magnificent new Utah Hotel, which cost upwards of a million dollars, now stands where the tithing house then stood. This structure was built no doubt out of the princely revenue that poured into the coffers of the church from the less pretentious tithing house, which was abolished when currency came into more common use. We put our team in the tithing house shed and Henry betook himself to the Bee Hive house, the home of Brigham Young. He left his wives and me to our own devices; but with instructions to meet him at the Clift House for dinner. His wives, nothing loath, started on a shopping tour, leaving me to amuse myself in my own way.

It was the first time I had ever been in the city alone, and I walked down Main Street with considerable pride and not a little trepidation, on the lookout for a peanut vendor, as I fingered a ten cent

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piece, given me by my mother. I was soon minus the ten cents and the possessor of a small bag of chocolates and another of peanuts, which the genial merchant loudly proclaimed to be fresh and hot roasted. I returned to the shed to enjoy my feast in privacy and was very agreeably surprised to find Moab hitching the roan mare. We sought out the Mrs. Lorenzo, seventh and eighth, and told them we would not join them again until time to go home. Moab and I spent the remainder of the morning in Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, inspecting the latest devices in farm machinery. We ate lunch at the tithing house lunch-room.

By twelve-thirty, a nondescript array of vehicles had lined up on what is now Temple Street, and reached from the Bee Hive House several Salt Lake blocks. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with "Zion," it might be well to mention that these blocks each comprise ten acres, and each was originally designed as a farm. The conveyances varied greatly in style and equipment. Nearly every conceivable kind was in evidence, from Brigham Young's handsome coach and four, to a prairie schooner driven by mules. Everyone was in good humor and every outfit loaded to its full capacity. A band marched up, playing a favorite Mormon hymn and took its place ahead of Brigham Young's carriage. At this juncture, Brigham, accompanied by his favorite wife Amelia, appeared from the Amelia Palace, and took his place in the carriage at the head of the line. He was a man of striking appearance, with a face and beard which reminded one of General Grant's pictures. He carried himself with a splendid modest dignity, and, even to a casual observer, he bore all the earmarks of a leader of men. At a word from him the parade started.

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Moab had taken me up in front of him on the roan's back, and we cantered briskly along beside the parade. I watched the faces of the people that thronged the sidewalk. Suddenly I caught sight of my opponents of the previous night, and without a thought as to consequences, I attempted to dismount and would have fallen on my head had not Moab seized me by the collar with one hand, and brought the horse up short with the other. He held me firmly by the collar, while I gaspingly shouted: "I saw them!" I had told Moab of my adventure while we ate lunch, and it finally dawned on him that I had seen my acquaintances of the previous evening. By that time they had disappeared in the crowd. Moab berated me soundly for my foolishness in trying to dismount as I did, and asked me what I intended to do had I overtaken them. I could not answer, but I felt that I would have attacked them again.

No one paid any attention to us, and soon we were again following the parade, which had begun to sing the hymn the band was playing. Arriving at the penitentiary, which is about three miles from the Bee Hive House, the line righted about, and faced the homeward journey, with the band and Brigham still at the head. Accompanied by his last and favorite wife the hero soon appeared taking his seat in the carriage amid the acclaim of the multitude. Then Brigham Young permitted an act of folly which seemed to be entirely out of keeping with his usual diplomatic and cautious methods. He allowed someone to fasten the Stars and Stripes to the axle of his carriage, where it would trail in the mud, to the great delight of Moab and the crowd generally. I have since learned to love and revere the flag, and even then the sight of the bright banner trailing in

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the dirt was very repugnant to me. It filled me with a mild sense of shame for my people who were insulting it, when the people who loved it were not there to resent it. I heard my father tell Brigham that it would bring the soldiers down on us, but he only laughed and said: "Old Captain G—— is in a drunken sleep at this hour of the day, and no one up there dares to do anything without orders from him, even to wake him."

As the carriage, with the trailing flag, passed us, Moab leaned over and spit on it, shouting: "Down with the persecutors! Long live Zion," and his example was quickly and enthusiastically followed by the people on foot. All the way to the city, they vied with each other, each trying to find something more filthy than the other to hurl at the unoffending and now almost unrecognizable emblem. Retribution was at hand, however. Someone had just hurled a particularly vile object at the trailing flag, which brought forth cheers and laughter, when a troop of cavalry came suddenly around a corner and swooped down upon us. They halted a dozen paces in front of the band and came to attention at a sharp word of command from a stern, red-faced officer who quickly dismounted and strode toward the carriage occupied by Young. The latter alighted with hat in one hand and extended the other to the officer, saying that it was an agreeable surprise to have the Captain and his troop join them in their little celebration over the release of their brother, who had been discharged and purified from any offense he might have committed against the government, which the gallant Captain represented. The officer ignored the extended hand, and demanded the meaning of the riotous demonstration. Young started to deprecate the officer's terming their innocent pleasure at the

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release of their unfortunate brother riotous conduct, when a rough looking man in the garb usually worn by prospectors, with a G. A. R. button in the lapel of his coat, stepped from the crowd on the sidewalk. He came to attention, saluted the officer, and asked him to look at the flag trailing in the mud. The Captain turned and for the first time saw the insulted emblem. He sprang aside, shouting to his troop: "Ready! Aim!" Instantly the parade was transformed into a screaming mob. Women fainted, children cried and men swore. All was reduced to a wild disorder.

Brigham Young then proved himself the master of a difficult situation. With perfect coolness, he turned his back on the officer, who had himself covered Young, and kneeling in the mud with his hand extended to the heavens, prayed in stentorian tones, as coolly as though he were in some remote and peaceful stake house. The people on the sidewalks had scattered as if by magic, running wildly in every direction. The ones nearest the soldiers were trying to hide from the line of fire in the most ridiculous manner, some behind their horses, some under the wagons, and one fat, bewhiskered old apostle, seized a bundle of hay from his wagon, and throwing it on the ground hid behind it, shouting: "I didn't do it! Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" Moab had forced his horse up close to the officer and was covertly covering him with a six-shooter. The commotion lasted but a minute, when it subsided as quickly as it began, save for the pattering of distant feet and the occasional hysterical scream of some female.

"Thy will be done, Oh Lord!" the voice of Brigham was interrupted by the stern command of the officer.

"While you are down there, apologize to that

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flag, you d—d old hypocrite, or I'll blow you, your concubines, and your whole outfit into h— where you belong!"

"If you will allow me first to speak a few words to my people, your every wish shall be carried out."

The officer hesitated a moment, but, influenced by curiosity or the cool tone, which was almost a command, said: "Go ahead, but be brief and careful."

"It is the Lord's will that the Saints again submit to humiliation at the hands of the ungodly," and he started to rise.

"Stay where you are," ordered the officer, "and ask the Lord to forgive you for the insults you have offered to the United States flag."

I could not hear what Young said, as he lowered his voice. At the officer's command a tub of water was quickly provided, and Young was forced to wash the bedraggled banner. With an imprecation which sounded very much like an oath, Moab whirled his horse about, and, clapping his spurs to her sides started to gallop away, when the officer cried: "Halt!"

Moab obeyed quickly as there was something in the voice of the Captain that spelled death to disobedience. "Corporal, take this fellow into custody. We will teach him to be careful how he draws a gun on an officer of the United States Army, even if he has not the courage to do it openly."

We slept in the guard-house that night.

CHAPTER IV.

I will not dwell on my brief imprisonment. Suffice to say that I was brought to the Captain's quarters the next morning where I found Henry and mother waiting for me. The Captain had taken it for granted that I was Moab's son, and, not knowing what else to do with me had held me.

"You allow your son to keep strange company, sir," he said to father. "See that he is not found in such a situation again."

During the night Moab had repeated his very biased story of the wrongs the "Saints" had suffered at the hands of the government; how our people had been driven out of the east, many of them scattered, not a few of them murdered, and their property confiscated; how the "Saints" had hoped that on the desert, which, through indomitable courage, perseverance, and energy, they had caused to yield as abundantly as the valley of the Mohawk, they would be free to live as God willed they should, through His revelations; and how the gentiles had come again with their man-made laws and evil ways to persecute and destroy us.

I was a stranger to timidity, due, no doubt, to my being trained to speak in public, and now, fairly bursting with indignation at the Captain's slighting reference to Moab, I poured forth, in unqualified terms my opinion of the Captain and the government he served. When I finished I looked to Henry

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and my mother for encouragement and was abashed to note cold disapproval indicated in Henry's demeanor, but relieved and cheered to find my mother beaming with pride and pleasure.

"Sir," said the Captain, "this child has spoken, in his childish simplicity, what is in the hearts of all your people. He is the first, however, who has had the courage to speak the truth to an officer of the government, since this troop of soldiers has been stationed here, with a battery trained on your city. His remarks have made a deep impression on me, and I now understand the brand of patriotism you are teaching your children."

He approached me and would have patted me on the shoulder had I not stepped aside, still very angry and defiant, and in no mood to be patronized by this man of evil. Nevertheless I was attracted, in spite of myself, by his winning smile as he looked keenly at me and said: "You are a bright, courageous child, and I hope that some day when you have reached intelligent manhood the truth of the crime that has been committed against you will be apparent to you." Then to Henry: "Old man, you are too far advanced in years to have been born into this system of lust and greed, and too intelligent to have accepted the so-called revelations of Joe Smith for anything but distinctly mercenary and carnal reasons, and be assured I will watch you and your stripe. You have come well out of the treasonable demonstration of yesterday, but I warn you, as I did that old villain, Young, that I will scatter you to the four corners of the earth, if you indulge in any more such pleasantries at the expense of the United States Government. Now get out!"

Henry Lorenzo smiled sardonically, bowed to the Captain, and we left without a word. As we

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climbed into our wagon, Henry said to me: "My son, you have heard and seen a fair type of the evil men who have been the curse of Zion and the children of God. May you ever oppose them as strongly in deed and spirit as you have just now. But never again allow your zeal to run away with your discretion; always temper your words and conduct to suit the occasion. That has been my policy and it has carried me far. I feel that I can say in all modesty, that in so doing I have accomplished more for the glory and upbuilding of Zion than the men who have been more zealous than prudent. The devil prevaileth at times; then wise men are silent, doing their good works in secret, that the evil one may not be attracted to them and their good works destroyed."

I could not help feeling the truth of this, and that he had come from our interview with the Captain with his dignity unruffled. The Captain was none the wiser save for the information I had given him in my imprudent outburst. I vouchsafed no reply and we drove home in silence.

I do not know how the news spread, but it was soon generally known that I had bearded the Captain in his den, and told him he was a coward. It put me in prominence for a while and was the means of my being promptly admitted into the "Lions of the Lord" before I was sixteen. Thus I became the youngest novitiate of the order that committed more assassinations than the reader would be apt to believe possible in the land of the free.

Three days after my release, it was known that the gentile cattle buyers had been murdered by the Indians some ten miles east of Zion. When I mentioned the fact to Henry, he smiled grimly.

Moab was held to await the sitting of the Federal

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Court and was discharged with a fine and a severe reprimand. He returned to his duties more embittered and morose than ever.

The next few years of my life were uneventful. I will now take you up to the period of my life when I was really happy.

My oldest half-sister had married and was living on one of Henry's numerous ranches, in the canyon near the present location of Park City, Utah. Her husband had broken his leg and I was sent up during the harvest season, as I could be very well spared from the home farm, and it was difficult to secure help in that remote and lonesome spot. I was not enthusiastic at the prospect, but it never entered my mind to disobey.

My brother-in-law, Edward Wright, had drifted into Zion from the east a few years before, fallen in love with my sister, and adopted Mormonism in a half-hearted manner, that he might get Henry's consent to the marriage. I believe he selected the remotest possible place to live, that he might not be forced to closely affiliate with the church. He took but the one wife, and at the worst was but a "Jack Mormon." By means of damming up a little mountain stream, he irrigated a strip of land in one of the widest parts of the canyon. Here he raised some grain and garden products, which, with a few sheep and cattle, yielded him a modest income, after he had paid his tithing and turned over one-half to Henry. He built a very comfortable log house, which was surrounded by a thrifty garden.

Nestled down in the picturesque canyon, surrounded by grey, rugged peaks which towered until they seemed to reach the sky, the home of my brother-in-law seemed the embodiment of peace and prosperity. I brought my horse up sharply, and paused to enjoy

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the scene, which thrilled even me to whom the mountains were home. The sun just peeping over the eastern range, its brilliant rays bathing the opposite cliffs in golden light, had not penetrated to the canyon below. Smoke curled lazily up from the house which, with its cultivated land surrounding it, reposed in the cool morning shade. All was quiet save for the triumphant cackle of the hens, who felt no doubt that their morning's work had been well done. Truly this was the Garden of Eden and fate had decreed that here I was to meet my Eve.

No one was in sight as I rode up, dismounted, and put my horse in the little temporary shed. This done, I started for the house and came suddenly face to face with a vision which will live forever in my memory. Yes, it was a girl; and such a girl, it seemed to me, as nature, not content to allow this paradise to exist without a fitting queen to rule over it, had fashioned from her choicest creations. Surely that lock of hair, peeping from under the little pink sunbonnet was but a stray sunbeam; those surprised and startled eyes caught their color from the sky; the color of the lips and cheeks matched the fresh strawberries she had gathered in the basket on her arm; and the poise of the graceful figure, as she half turned, as though to run, was the same I had often noted in the elk of the neighboring mountains when they first scented the hunter.

I stood awkwardly staring at her with open-eyed admiration. She seemed to recognize the expression which was evidently not new to her. She smiled, giving me a glimpse of two rows of perfectly formed white teeth, at which new wonder I stared, the more vainly trying to recall some perfection of nature which must have been copied.

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"Mr. Cowboy, you are not so free with speech as you are in making use of other people's sheds."

I started at the sound of her well modulated voice. It was distinctly different from that of the girls I knew, all of whom had associated with rough men, leading rough lives, and whose tones were rough in consequence. Shifting uncomfortably from one foot to the other, I stammered, "I am Joe Lorenzo."

"Indeed. Prophet or cowboy?"

I felt that I was being laughed at and it did not tend to put me at ease. I had never been bashful in the presence of the fair sex (it is not a Mormon trait) and a tinge of anger brought me some of my usual self assurance.

"I came to help my brother-in-law, but it seems he has an all-sufficient person already."

I intended this to be a very crushing bit of repartee, and was much less pleased than surprised when she graciously admitted that she was sufficient, but that I would come handy with the cows, as she feared and hated them. With this remark she started for the house, advising me to follow and get something to eat as I looked as though I needed it. I was still trying to get the full meaning of her rather ambiguous remark, as to my coming in handy with the cows. It stung my pride to be classed with the animals she feared and hated. It was plain that my queen of nature could be as cruel as nature herself, when in the right mood; but I could not imagine what I had done to merit her displeasure, unless it was my bold and perhaps rude stare. I mentally resolved that I would not offend again, and determined to so conduct myself that I might have the pleasure of enjoying more congenial relations with this beauty of the mountains.

We found my sister in the living room of the

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house, reading to her husband, who was lying on the couch. Their two-year-old son sat in the middle of the floor, erecting a house out of bright colored blocks, in which occupation he was promptly interrupted by "her queenliness." Taking him up in her arms she tossed him in the air, kissing him each time he descended, from which diversion, with wisdom far beyond his years, he seemed to derive infinite enjoyment. Edward and my sister greeted me very cordially and Edward introduced his niece, Louise Northfall, late of St. Louis. I assumed what I considered my best manner of easy, dignified cordiality, and bowed very low. She merely glanced at me, and nodding carelessly said, "He has already introduced himself."

My sister was a good natured motherly woman. She promptly set the remains of their breakfast before me, while her husband and I talked of the crops, and I told him of the latest happenings in the city. I was covertly watching his niece, playing with the baby on the floor, and I fancy my answers were very much at random, to say the least.

CHAPTER V.

I WORKED from early until late in the harvest fields for the next few weeks, but neither gold nor the fear of death could have driven me away. I worked with a fierce nervous energy, so as to finish my tasks and have a few days, perchance, to roam in the mountains with Louise. I called her that in my thoughts but never dared to address her by that name. She almost ignored me, and treated me, when she chose to notice me at all, with an indifference, that surprised, piqued and chastened my somewhat conceited opinion of myself which had not suffered at the hands of the girls I had hitherto known, due no doubt to my being the son of one of the richest and most powerful of the church leaders. Like all young men of eighteen, I believed I understood women perfectly. Then, too, my Mormon upbringing had not tended to give me an exalted opinion of the weaker sex, and while I was very susceptible to their charms, I believed them but an incident in the life of man and unworthy of serious consideration. I possessed no chivalry, except what was mine by instinct.

My sister told me Edward's niece had come to live with them during the summer because she had no other home, and that she was going back in the fall to teach school. She had lived with her grandparents ever since she was a small child when her own parents had died. Edward's father and mother had taken her and brought her up with the

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same care and love they would have bestowed on her had she been their own child, giving her all the education their modest means afforded.

"Louise is a firm believer in a Gentile religion and you had best avoid the subject of religion when conversing with her," warned my sister.

I immediately determined to attempt to convert her at the first opportunity, never doubting that it would be an easy and pleasant task.

The first Sunday I was there, the longed for opportunity presented itself. I got up earlier than usual intending to prevail on Louise to ride to meeting with me. The idea had come as an inspiration the previous evening, and I had been nerving myself ever since to ask her. Just before breakfast time, she came out to feed the chickens, a self-appointed task, as she liked to see them eat.

I strolled up with a brave attempt at nonchalance and asked her in what I hoped would appear a very off-hand manner, if she would not like to ride horseback down the canyon to meeting.

"I should like to ride, but to meeting, what meeting? I am in the habit of attending church on Sunday, but I understand there are no churches in this country."

I recognized the affront to our religion, but the cool, indifferent, impersonal tone made it difficult to take offense; besides I was so anxious to break through the barrier of calm, distant formality, and arrive at some terms of intimacy with this wonderfully charming heathen that I would have endured almost anything to accomplish it.

"Very well, we will ride up the canyon to the 'Hot Pots' if you prefer it."

"O, I would dearly love to," she exclaimed. I felt that the ice was broken.

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She had once spent a summer on a ranch with a school friend, where she had learned to ride with ease and grace. We were provided with lunch and six-shooters, mine for safety, for lawless men and straggling bands of Indians roved the mountains and hold-ups were not uncommon. She had taken her uncle's gun to learn to shoot. There was no opportunity for connected conversation until we stopped for lunch, as we watched sharply where the way was rough, and cantered briskly where the way permitted.

We stopped about noon time and ate our lunch in silence in the shade of a clump of scrub pine. There was no embarrassment in our silence, it was simply that the ride had given our normally good appetites an abnormal stimulus, and we were too busy to talk. When the last bit had disappeared, washed down with mountain spring-water, we sighed with satisfaction simultaneously, and then laughed.

"Most men would be looking for something to smoke," she said. "If I were a man I would smoke."

"One of the first precepts of the religion I love and revere above all things, forbids the doing of whatever will injure the health, which God has given us to use in the upbuilding of His Kingdom," I replied.

"Yes," she flashed, "and, besides, it is bad for the nerves and one must need plenty of nerve to rule over a harem."

"That might be true of certain women, but our women are God-fearing."

"Yours are the do-as-you-say-stand-without-hitching, kick-me-because-I-like-it variety, I judge."

"They are Godly women, obedient to their hus-

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bands, and not lacking in spirit," I retorted, making an effort to keep my temper.

"Quite so! And how many, if the question is not impertinent, of these very desirable creatures have you in your harem? Being such an ardent Mormon, and," I believe she almost said good looking, "so prominent in the church, you must have at least a dozen."

"Miss Northfall, I am as yet unmarried, and will remain so until I have gone on a mission and done all in my poor power to spread the true will of God. We are not Mormons but Latter Day Saints. Your remarks were evidently designed to give offense, and in my poor judgment unbecoming a lady."

She rose leisurely with scarcely a trace of displeasure discernible, saying, as she quickly mounted the little mustang before I could help her. "Mr. Saint, your judgment is indeed very poor. Being a Saint you ought to be good company on Sunday. My depraved taste leads me to prefer this mustang. You had better spend the remainder of the day with someone, who in your opinion, qualifies as a lady." She whipped up the pony and was gone before I could reply, going as fast as was consistent with safety and whistling as she went.

I followed her closely with wildly conflicting emotions. She did not slacken the pace until we reached home, where she insisted on taking care of her horse, except that I took off the saddle.

I longed to apologize and to renew the argument, but I did not know how to go about either. She went into the house and up to her room telling my sister that after we reached a certain altitude, we struck an atmosphere that oppressed her, and this was the only excuse offered for our early return. My admiration for her had increased rather than

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diminished, and I acknowledged to myself that I was very much in love with her. I was surprised to find that I entertained a respect for her to which I never believed any woman entitled hitherto, that is, from a mental standpoint.

CHAPTER VI.

EDWARD WRIGHT was easy going and good natured, which is anomalous in a man as industrious as he. It was a great trial for him to lie idle when his labor would have been so valuable. He endured his plight with stoical fortitude, however, and rarely uttered a complaint. He was a man of considerable education, having studied medicine in his younger days, but giving it up on account of his health. He had a fine collection of books, including many of the classics and a number of scientific authorities. Up to this time, my reading had been confined to books that had received the sanction of the church. Now, rebuffed and ignored by Louise, I turned to the books in Edward's library, as a kind of mild dissipation, just as a man of other habits and training would have resorted to drink. I found great consolation in them, and they served to occupy my mind, partially at least, when I was not busy in the fields. Delving into them, and talking with Edward of the life he had led at college, of the gentile's ways and manner of living, and of their religion, soon gave me an insight into the character of Louise. It dawned upon me how exceedingly abhorrent polygamy must be to one brought up a gentile, with the romantic ideal of but one true love, and the exalted deference due womankind.

The fruit of this reading was my first mental treason to the system. I was in love with Louise

and determined to win her. The passion she had inspired was all consuming, and I mentally resolved that I would love her and prosecute my suit with the deference and humility which were so effective in the books I had read. I would sacrifice my hopes of the hereafter by marrying her only. I did not despair in the hope of converting her, however, and was as firm in my belief as ever, longing for an opportunity to present our side of the argument. I had argued with gentiles before and had never found one who had sufficient knowledge of the Bible to make it even interesting for me.

She gave me no opportunity, however, and continued to treat me with indifference, never taking the trouble to avoid me, but making it very plain that any advances, beyond common civility, on my part would be most unwelcome. When the conversation was general at the table or when we were sitting on the veranda after the lady's work was done, she always took the lead. I remained a silent listener, for the most part, either too inexperienced in the art of light and chaffing conversation, unfamiliar with the topics she designedly chose, or so abashed by her quick witted sallies, when I ventured to take part, that I did not care to repeat the experience. Both Edward and my sister must have noticed her aversion for me, but neither mentioned it. How she ever forgave her uncle for espousing Mormonism is more than I could understand, and, too, she was on close terms of intimacy with my sister, whose heart she had completely won.

Things continued in this manner until the work was nearly done. Edward had begun to hobble around with a cane, and I could see that the time was fast drawing near when I would have to take my departure. Instead of gaining confidence, as

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time went by, I became more diffident. I felt somehow, that Louise read my secret and was gratified and amused but not a bit softened. I almost despaired of ever getting on even a friendly footing with her, when chance intervened in my behalf.

She had been taking short rides up and down the canyon every day since that disastrous Sunday, venturing a little farther each time as her confidence and sense of security increased. We had warned her time and again to beware of Indians and desperadoes, but as she never saw any, she had been lulled into a false sense of security, believing, as she said, that we were telling "bogy" stories.

I went to the nearest settlement, one afternoon, for some necessities, returning just at sundown. My sister met me at the turn of the trail, with the baby in her arms. I knew by her attitude that trouble was at hand as soon as I caught sight of her.

"Louise has been gone since eleven o'clock," she said in an agitated voice, "and she did not take a lunch with her. Edward thinks she is with you. I did not dare to tell him otherwise, as I was afraid he would try to find her and injure himself."

Strange as it may seem, I received the bad tidings with as much satisfaction as alarm. I was selfish enough to be glad that my judgment had been vindicated. I felt, too, that this was an opportunity to prove my metal, in some very dramatic manner, to this obdurate and self-sufficient gentile. That she had been captured by some wandering band of Indians, I never doubted. I was equally confident that I would be able to rescue her unharmed, by means of a ransom; if necessary by force and arms. The Ute Indians are more like thieving squaws, anyway, with a wholesome dread of anyone in cowboy attire. Besides, they were ostensibly very friendly

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to the Mormon people. If they could murder me with no danger of being discovered, I knew they would do it with unction if for no other reason than to get my six-shooter. So I prepared to use every precaution. I sent my sister to the kitchen after my rifle, and, leaving my horse at the end of the trail, secured some old sacks from the barn, to muffle the pony's feet, taking care not to be seen by Edward. By that time my sister had returned, laden with the rifle, a water bottle, a knapsack full of lunch, and all the ammunition I could carry. All this occupied but a few brief minutes, and I soon found myself riding briskly up the canyon in high spirits feeling very much the hero. The extreme darkness, which is peculiar to the mountains on a cloudy night, soon fell on the canyon, forcing me to allow the pony to choose her own pace, and to trust to her sight and instinct to keep us out of trouble.

My mind was full of excited fancies as I rode along in the oppressive stillness. I tried to imagine how I would effect a rescue, and, if I were successful, what change it would make in Louise's attitude. Then my thoughts turned to the possible chiefs who would be likely to attempt such an outrage, when "Dandy Jean," flashed across my mind. I had heard it rumored that this notorious, half-breed bandit had been operating along the main trail to Denver, and it was thought that he was in hiding in the mountains somewhere not far distant. His activities were so uncertain, however, covering a territory from Montana to the Santa Fé trail, that it was at best a matter of vague conjecture. But the possibility that it was he, changed my attitude from cocksureness to terror both for the safety of Louise, and for the outcome of any attempt that I might make to effect a rescue. I did not fear a foe worthy of

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my steel, but I knew this wily, courageous villain never traveled without four or five accomplices, all cunning, hardened scoundrels, and unexcelled marksmen. I was no mean performer with a six shooter, having recently won the prize in a contest that had been thrown open to all comers. I had never been under fire, nor had I ever shot at a human being, but the thought of Louise being in such hands gave me the temper of a wounded grizzly.

The sky cleared about midnight and the moon shone for a couple of hours, giving me an opportunity to make very good headway. I was satisfied that whether she had been captured by Indians or outlaws, they would camp for the night along the only stream of water in that part of the mountains. I knew every foot of the mountains in this vicinity. as I had herded sheep on them for three seasons and I hoped to find the captors at a certain spot which seemed to me best adapted for concealment. The moon sank behind the clouds again. I began to watch for the light of a camp fire, as I had been traveling for five hours, and they could not have more than that length of time the start of me, though they had, no doubt, made better time.

I judge it was about three o'clock in the morning, when I recognized the surroundings as those where I expected to find my quarry. It was very dark, but I could make out the ledge, where I expected to find them dimly outlined by the faint light of the stars which shone here and there through the clouds, and served to make the darkness of the canyon the more intense. The ledge was accessible only by means of a narrow path which was just wide enough for one horse. After a distance of several hundred feet, it made a sharp turn and widened into a room-like formation, about a hundred feet in width, strewn

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with huge boulders and covered with an unusually thick growth of scrub pine, which offered excellent defensive possibilities. In this place a fire could not be observed from the main trail, some two hundred feet below. The path which led to it would be known only to those most familiar with the locality, as it began several rods from the trail, and had been traversed by so few, that it would be noticed only by a close observer.

My judgment told me that I would find a sentinel where the path began or at the turn where it widened, so I tethered my pony and approached it with the utmost caution. I was disappointed to find no one at the beginning of the path, and with increased boldness proceeded up toward the turn.

I had gone half the distance when the odor of tobacco reached me; I was on the right scent and it was exceedingly warm. I knelt down and asked the Lord to make known His will to me, and to give me power to execute it. I had labored much with prayer, and it had been the great disappointment of my life that I had never been visited with a revelation, which was an everyday occurrence with most of the "Saints," so they claimed. I was again disappointed, but my excitement had gone, and my head was perfectly cool.

I crawled noiselessly along the rocky wall, towering hundreds of feet over the ledge, which was now buried in the inky darkness which precedes the dawn. I had covered perhaps a hundred feet in this manner when suddenly, not ten rods away, someone struck a match and I caught a glimpse of a man, sitting with his back to the wall, lighting his pipe. Clearly my presence was not yet suspected. I had formed a plan of attack. It was desperate, but anything seemed possible when I thought of Louise in

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such hands. I hoped to take the sentinel unawares and overpower him without noise; then I would either release Louise and escape with her without waking the sleepers, or at least put some of them out of the fight before it began, in the surprise.

When the sentinel struck the match, I confess it gave me a start, and I nearly fired. I knew that I had to deal with a man who was very much awake, and I believe the situation that confronted me would have given the woodwise "Hawkeye" food for thought. It was impossible to get much closer without attracting his attention, as the stillness was acute and the path rocky. If I ordered him to throw up his hands, I could not see whether he obeyed me or not, and there was nothing to prevent him from taking a shot at me, with the sound of my voice to guide him. The red glow of his pipe gave me an advantage, as I could cover him with absolute certainty and this I did, worming toward him on my side. I was within a short distance of him, when I noticed the light of the pipe turn, as if he had turned his head to one side to listen.

"I have a bead on you," I whispered in a voice that I am sure did not lack in fierceness, though my heart was thumping loudly.

He shot almost before I had said that much, and I fired with the flash of his gun. I felt my sombrero whisked suddenly from my head, but I was sure I had my man, and now my only possible chance was to get around the turn and drop some of the others, before they got out of the light of the fire, which I was certain they would be sleeping by, as the mountain air was very cold.

I moved toward the corner as swiftly as I dared, groping with one hand along the wall of the ledge, and carrying my gun in the other. It was only a

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matter of a couple of rods before I saw the light of the fire and at the same time ran into a man with such force that I was nearly knocked down by the collision. I fired as we came together, but the gun was past him at the time, and it was involuntary on my part. However, it was not without results, for I heard someone groan and swear as I was locked in the embrace of the burly giant whom I had encountered so rudely. I was a big, strapping lad of six feet, heavy, muscular and sinewy. My antagonist had the advantage of the under hold, and was tall enough and strong enough to use it effectively; but I was more active and desperate. I secured a neck hold and we staggered back into the light of the fire struggling fiercely as we went. I caught a glimpse of Louise, standing with her hands tied, and the end of a rope fastened to a scrub pine. A man crouched behind a rock with a revolver in each hand, leveled toward the turn in the path, and I heard him coolly order someone, whom I could not see, to: "Get him! I will cover the trail."

The sight of Louise gave me a strength I had never before known, and with a mighty effort I loosened my opponent's hold, got him on the hip, and threw him on the rocky ledge with tremendous force. Before I could recover my balance fully, three others were upon me. One of them struck me a glancing blow on the cheek with his gun, which I scarcely noticed. I eluded him only to come face to face with a bearded giant whose pistol was raised as a club in his right hand. I caught his descending arm with one hand, hitting him full in the face as hard as I could with the other, as he went down. The other, a slim, agile fellow, threw himself upon me, head first. I received him with open arms, picking him up as though he were a child of ten, and

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hurled him on the head of the man crouching behind the boulder. I was rewarded by the sound of hysterical laughter from Louise which sent a thrill of triumph through me. Then in that instant it seemed as if the world had taken fire and I was falling, falling. Then all was dark.

CHAPTER VII.

I AFTERWARDS learned that the big fellow had come up behind me, and returned the blow I had given him, with interest, taking me unawares on the back of the head with his bare fist. When I recovered consciousness my mind was perfectly clear, and I knew instantly where I was, and what had occurred. My hands and feet were securely bound, and my head ached to the point of bursting. I turned on my side toward the fire, and saw my enemies, or what was left of them, hastily eating breakfast. Louise had been untied and was listlessly drinking a cup of coffee, out of a tin cup. I turned to the other side and there, not more than five feet away, lay the bodies of two men partially covered with a blanket. It needed no second glance to tell me that they would rob and murder no more. Truly my little visit to these redoubtable bandits had left its mark. I noticed that the bearded giant's nose was smashed and swollen to unbelievable proportions; the slender gentleman, whom I had dropped so unceremoniously into the lap of his leader, had his arm in a sling; another, presumably the one I shot when I encountered the fellow in the path, had his head in a bandage. The fellow whom I had given the heavy fall, seemed to have no appetite for his breakfast, but preferred to sit and gaze gloomily at the

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reddening sky, with his hands on his left side—a broken rib or two no doubt. I wondered why they had not shot me, and could not satisfy myself on that point unless they feared they would hit one of their own number in the uncertain light. I was picturing my probable fate, when the leader sauntered over to me, seated himself on a boulder, and lighted a cigarette.

He was a slim, athletic fellow of perhaps thirty-five, with large, bold black eyes, a fine aquiline nose, and a determined jaw. A little imperial, carefully trimmed, emphasized rather than concealed the thin lips and dazzling teeth. His coal black hair was curly and closely cropped. With his handsome face and perfectly fitting corduroy hunting costume, one might have taken him for an Italian grand opera star, out on a hunting trip.

"Ah!" he said, "the light is better; I place Monsieur. He is the son of the Prophet Lorenzo. Did I not see Monsieur riding at the head of a body of young 'Saints' last Pioneer Day?"

I was angered at his cool, indifferent manner, and the sight of his handsome, sinister face did not make me feel at all comfortable. I recalled his history as told by rumor. His father was a French nobleman of fortune, who had married a half-breed. Jean had been educated in France on the fortune left him by his father. This had been considerable, but was quickly spent when he obtained control of it. He followed his father's example and came to this country to recuperate his shattered fortunes, bringing with him an uncontrollable propensity to gamble, which had led him into his present means of securing a living. There was scarcely a trace of the Indian blood in his features, but it cropped out in his manner of speaking English.

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"You have the advantage of me, sir," I said, as he evidently expected an answer.

"Yes," he agreed, "very much." Will Monsieur hang, or would he prefer to jump over the ledge?"

"Neither. I believe I have the honor of addressing Monsieur Du Croix, who, if reports are true, would scorn to murder a man in cold blood. Give me a gun and let me prove that I am too good a man to die the death of a dog."

"I am a French gentleman and do not fight duels with cowards that sneak up and shoot men in the dark," he replied.

"If you mean your sentinel who smoked," I said holty, "you are mistaken. He fired first, after I warned him that I had the drop on him."

He arose and throwing back the blanket, took the unfortunate man's gun from his belt and ejected the empty carriage. "Monsieur must bear a charmed life. I never knew Frank to miss before."

Without a word to me he ordered his men to get on the march, leaving two to bury the unfortunates.

I was placed on the horse of their fallen comrade, with my feet bound beneath its belly. Jean took the lead, with Louise next, and the bearded giant just behind her, and the others brought up the rear.

I had had neither breakfast nor sleep, and we set out at a pace that meant strenuous work for a man in the best of condition. To me, it was torture. We did not even pause until noon, and then camped in the burning sun. They took me from my horse in a semi-conscious condition because of the lack of food and water and extreme exhaustion. I would have died rather than ask for food, fearing a refusal.

Jean seemed to be most amiable, however, and I was unbound and allowed to eat with them. For

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the first time my eyes met Louise's and the look of thanks and encouragement she gave me, did more to revive me than anything else could have done.

We all ate and drank with the hunger and thirst of animals. When we had finished, Jean produced a gold mounted cigarette case of curious design, and offered me a cigarette. I refused with regret for the first time in my life as I remembered Louise's saying that if she were a man she would smoke.

"If Monsieur had shot Frank without warning, as I first supposed, we would not now have the pleasure of his company. I have conceived a liking for Monsieur. Men of courage and prowess appeal to me. You take chances against odds, so do I; it is a good spirit. I do not wish to kill a brave man unnecessarily. I will make an agreement with Monsieur, and a brave man keeps his agreements. Monsieur will go back on the trail, and tell his friends that Louise is the captive of Jean Du Croix. Monsieur will say that he has given up the chase as hopeless for there are sixty in our band, and that we have scattered in parties of four and five, making it impossible to know with which Louise is. Monsieur has many women. It is his religion. He will not miss one, with so many fair ones to comfort him, and his friend Jean will be grateful. Mademoiselle pretends to dislike me now; soon she will know Jean Du Croix, and," twisting his mustache, smirking and casting what was meant to be a killing glance in her direction, "she will love him."

I had been inclined to use policy and offer a ransom when I found our captor in so agreeable a state of mind, but the perfidy of his proposal, capped by that smile and smirk banished all thought of compromise. It was clear that he thought I would be eager

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to accede to such a proposal, else he would not have given me the free use of my limbs. I had certainly given him good cause to know that I was not backward in using them to a very excellent advantage in a fight.

"You yellow-faced blackguard, you call me a brave man, and make such a proposition to me? I love Louise and she is to be my wife, and my only wife. Because of that fact I expect to suffer eternal damnation. Do you think that any threats of yours could frighten me into giving her up? I will take her with me, if I go back alive, and you and your whole cowardly crew can't stop me."

"Monsieur is young and excitable. He lacks the wisdom of his father the Prophet, with whom I have often worked," and with these words he threw back his handsome head, and laughed long and loudly, in a manner that set every nerve in my body tingling with rage.

"Slim," of the broken arm, noticed my anger and fingered his six-shooter significantly. I restrained my impulse to spring upon the merry Jean, who finally composed himself and, with an amused sneer still lingering around his mouth, continued:

"To hear the son of the Prophet Lorenzo—for whom I have waylaid as many as four caravans, advised by him as to the time and place to watch for them, and the opposition to be overcome, and to whom I have handed over the women he wanted while I kept the money—is what you call 'rich' in English."

Then, before I had time to reply, he leaned his face close to mine and hissed in a passionless voice, but with blazing eyes, "Dog! Son of a Mormon Dog! You have insulted and defied the son of a French nobleman, for which you shall die the

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death of the cur you are. You shall lie behind yonder rock, nicely tied, with a few soaring vultures to keep you company. I will give you a little of Hell on earth, but will take the fair Louise with me, so there will be no danger of Hell on her account for you in the hereafter. I am Monsieur's benefactor. I save his——"

He got no further. I jabbed him in the face with all my might, and with surprising quickness. We had both been sitting down at first, but when he leaned toward me, he rose on one knee, and I partly followed his example. His face was not more than two feet from me when I struck him. Simultaneously with the blow, I heard the report of a gun, and felt a ripping shock in the side and back. I did not so much as pause, however, in following up the blow, which had knocked the humorous Jean over backwards with me upon him. With one hand at his throat, I struck him viciously in the face with the other. I had struck him the second time, and was about to land a third, when the bearded giant gave me a kick in the ribs with his heavy-booted foot, which doubled me up, with all the breath and strength knocked out of me. I heard another shot, someone fell across me, and I think I lost consciousness for a few seconds.

When I came to, the bearded giant was standing near me, gazing wildly about him, with the blood streaming down his face. Someone was tying my hands behind me. Louise sat with her face in her hands, sobbing convulsively, and Jean, —a sadly disfigured Jean—was taking an empty cartridge from a smoking thirty-eight caliber revolver. Everything began to whirl; the sky

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looked red; the pain in my side was intense; I could scarcely breathe. There was a stinging ache in my back, and my head throbbed. It all seemed very unreal. Jean, coming toward me, appeared twice his usual size. I vaguely wondered why I had not smashed his fine nose; I had meant to.

"Dandy Jean!" I laughed. "Dandy Black-eye!" Then the pain ceased and I was dreaming of the brawls of a pirate crew of which I had read in one of Edwards's books.

CHAPTER VIII.

When things became real to me again, I was lying in bed in the living room of my sister's house. I felt weak, sick and sore all over with no interest in anything that had happened or existed. I knew that something dreadful had occurred, but I did not know or care what. I must have fallen asleep almost immediately, and was awakened by the sound of Dr. Weber's voice. I opened my eyes to look into the merry, kindly grey ones of our jolly old family physician.

"How now, Sir Knight, have you killed as many of the pirates as you did of the bandits? If your thirst for blood is satisfied, it might be well to try a little broth."

My sleep had done much for me, and the sight of Louise at the foot of the bed, demurely wishing me a good morning, did more. And with the sight of her the vision of her as I had seen her last, came to me. I tried to sit up in my excitement, only to be taken with a pain in the side and back that stretched me faint and perspiring.

"No more such moves as that, Joe," said the doctor, soberly. "You have a rather bad side, a few broken ribs and some bad bruises, which will necessitate your lying quiet for a time. That ought not to be irksome, with Louise as a nurse."

I paid no attention to the doctor, but gazed mutely at Louise. She evidently divined what

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was going on in my mind, for she came to the side of my bed, and told me that we had been rescued by a band of prospectors, at the very moment I sank into unconsciousness.

"I made a mess of it," I said.

"If it had not been for you, I would still be in their hands," she replied warmly. You are a brave boy, and oh! such a fighter! Anyone would be proud of such a knight."

"Ahem!" said the doctor. "It is high time I was on my way. You must lie quiet, Joe, but you need not keep your eyes shut; and I won't tell you not to talk, as the doctors all do on such occasions because I know it would do no good." And he went out, whistling a merry tune that was certainly not a Mormon hymn.

It was the first time I ever saw Louise show so much as a trace of embarrassment. While very much disconcerted by the doctor's pointed remark, in regard to my keeping my eyes open, I did not hesitate to take advantage of his leniency in that respect; but at that moment I was too confused to say a word. Nothing short of a stone image could keep its eyes from Louise at any time, and this morning her fresh dainty loveliness would have wrung homage from an Egyptian mummy. Her color was heightened a little as she plunged into the details of her capture and our deliverance.

She had been surprised by Jean while in quest of specimens of rock, in which she was interested. He had approached her in the most casual, offhand manner, and as he appeared a perfect gentleman, she jumped to the conclusion that he was a city man out for a little shooting. His manner was

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prepossessing, and he was so agreeable and entertaining, she thought it no harm to be sociable. When she started for home he became offensively lover-like which made her uneasy at first. She had met Frenchmen and Italians of the so-called better class before, however, and found them always agreeable to declare themselves in love with the first pretty face they saw. So she was not seriously alarmed until he seized her horse's bridle, and told her she would have to accompany him on a little picnic whether she cared to or not. She struck him in the face with her quirt and dismounted trying to escape on foot. He overtook her, bound her to her horse and brought her into camp.

It seems our rescuers had been attracted by the sound of shots and in the excitement, had ridden up unnoticed, until they had the band covered at so short a range that any attempt at resistance would have been folly. In those days, and in that locality, men were loth to mix in the gun quarrels of others, but the sight of a woman in distress was always every true man's business. Louise quickly put them in possession of the salient facts of our misfortune; and as soon as they learned that "Dandy Jean" was in their power, being aware of the enormous reward for his capture, digging gold out of the mountains lost its attractiveness. They treated Louise and me with the greatest consideration, carrying me most of the way on a litter improvised from a canvas tent and poles.

The days of convalescence which followed were dream days for me. Louise read to me much of the time,—to avoid conversation, I believe,—sometimes from Browning, Burns or Shakespeare;

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but usually some romance, as I shamelessly and emphatically avowed a preference for that kind of literature which I had hitherto held in contempt. I wanted to learn the ways of gentile lovers, and felt that Louise must have formed her ideals of lovers and manhood from the heroes of such tales. It only made it harder for me. I experienced the burning, exalted sentiments toward her that they expressed so glibly, but I found it impossible to do and say the things that seemed so natural for them. My desire to convert her to Mormonism was undiminished, but I was afraid to mention the subject for fear of her resuming her former attitude. Her treatment of me was much the same as that bestowed on Edward Jr., only I did not receive the caresses lavished on him, for which I envied the little beggar.

One afternoon, the second week of my convalescence, Louise was reading the "Lady of the Lake" to me on the veranda, and had reached that part of the combat where James Fitz James defied Roderick and his robber band. "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I," she read, and paused to remark that these lines had flashed through her mind the night I had fought "Dandy Jean" and his band, single-handed. At that moment we were most inopportunately interrupted. I'd just nerved myself to make a declaration of my love,—the swinging rhythm of the poetry had given the inspiration, and Louise's cordial mood the courage.—when Henry and mother rode up in a buckboard. I was glad to see my mother but felt the pleasure would have been enhanced had it been deferred an hour or so. Mother was always shy in the presence of strangers but

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her diffidence quickly wore off under Louise's engaging smile and tactful manner.

When Henry had secured his team and joined us on the veranda, it was not without a feeling of pride that I introduced him to Louise as my father. However, I felt a vague sense of uneasiness, for I knew their coming foreshadowed my early departure from Dreamland to sordid reality. But I little dreamed that this visit would have the far reaching effect on my future that actually resulted.

When I presented him to Louise, he uncovered his handsome head, bowed deferentially with the courtly grace for which he was noted, and taking in her face and figure with one quick appreciative glance, said in his deep well modulated voice,

"I came to condole with my son in his misfortune, in being forced to lie still this ideal weather, but I find he is more to be envied than pitied. Find me the young man who would not endure twice the danger and pain for the privilege of being nursed by so charming a young lady."

His manner and tone of voice robbed the remark of undue familiarity and took it out of the category of florid compliment. Nevertheless, it irritated me.

Louise had been discreetly observing him with much the same expression I had noticed on her face when she was examining a new specimen of rock, which she could not for the moment classify.

"I fear you exaggerate the importance of my efforts in the care of your son, which, I am sure is but a small return for the risks he encountered for my sake."

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I could see that Henry was impressed with the cool, indifferent assurance with which she answered him. He smiled benevolently at us, and picked up the "Lady of the Lake," which Louise had laid down. With a glance at the title he shot a reproving glance in my direction, then turned to Louise and said:

"I see your taste for reading is inclined toward what is called good literature. There was a time in my boyhood when I thought such reading worth while. I have learned, however, that one has scarcely enough time, after the day's work in the upbuilding of the Kingdom, to read God's word, and the word of his prophets. This reading," tapping the book with his finger, "diverts the thoughts from the true faith, and gives rise to unrighteous and sinful ideas. I hope that sometime some saintly genius of fiction and poetry will put the soul-stirring deeds of God's saints into verse. I trust Joseph has not neglected the opportunity of sowing the seed of the true faith on the fertile soil of your quick intellect."

As he progressed in this condescending manner, I knew by the way Louise's neck began to arch, that we were getting into deep water, and it was with an undutiful feeling of pleasurable anticipation that I waited for the biting sarcasm which I knew would be soon stinging his thick-hided complacency.

Louise looked at him composedly without a trace of resentment in her innocent blue eyes (which innocence was treacherously misleading).

"From what I have heard of your faith," she replied, "I am sure that you are not lacking in religious fiction. Your son did, I believe, once attempt to sow the seed of your faith in my direc-

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tion, but he has never repeated the attempt. It found a luxurious growth of real religion which is utilizing all the soil available,—a religion that courts investigation and favors education; that looks with a kindly eye on the reading of brave deeds of honest men and women; and with an eye of scorn on the hypocrite and false prophet.”

The expression on Henry's face changed from urbane complacency, first to angry resentment, then to the deferential courtesy he reserved for a worthy opponent, and one whom he had determined to punish.

He smiled with a splendid semblance of indulgence, saying, “You are in no mood for unbiased discussion of religion. I hope for a more auspicious opportunity to talk of the matter with you again. Won't you tell me something of yourself and your life in St. Louis?”

Louise, evidently feeling that she had scored a victory, and always ready to talk of home, readily complied.

CHAPTER IX.

HENRY and Edward carried me into the dining room, where, lying propped up on the couch near the table, I could in a measure join them in the evening meal. I noticed that Edward's attitude of disturbed uneasiness, always discernible when in the presence of his father-in-law, was more marked than usual. I attributed it to the fact that as the meal progressed, Henry devoted his conversation to Louise, who seemed to be in an unusually vivacious mood. Edward listened to their spirited repartee, with downcast eyes, eating little. My mother and sister talked in the subdued whispers used by inferiors in the presence of their superiors, while I had little appetite for the dainty repast prepared for me by the loving hands of my mother, and composed of the things she knew I liked best.

I had begun to feel that nothing good would come of this meeting between Henry and Louise. The more I thought of the possible consequences, the more terrified I became. The interested, gallant gaiety with which he led the conversation, did not tend to lessen my fear, which far transcended that which I had experienced in my adventures with the outlaws. While battling with them, I seemed to have an inner consciousness that all would be well in the end; but here was an unexpected and seemingly ridiculous sense of dan-

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ger that refused to be quieted. I attempted to reassure myself with the thought that I was absurdly jealous of my own father, who was, no doubt, making himself agreeable as a preparation for sowing the seed of our faith.

I was in a position to watch Henry's animated face, and, for the first time in my life I began to study this man who had brought me into the world, and whose word to me was obeyed as law. I watched the changing expressions on his face, and in the light of past events, tried to acquaint myself with his character as it really was. It had dawned on me that, like my mother, I had always looked up to him as a powerful instrument of God, who could do no wrong. My reading and my conversations with Louise and Edward, had given me a new prospective, and it occurred to me that he might not be what he seemed. At this juncture Louise suddenly inquired what had become of "Dandy Jean."

I thought I noticed Henry's starting at the unexpected question, but his offhand answer dispelled the impression.

"I believe he managed to escape shortly after being turned over to the authorities. Was not that the report, Sister?" turning to my mother, who assented.

He did not seem to relish the topic and changed the subject by remarking that he hoped Edward had prevailed upon his niece to make her home in "Zion."

I thought I detected a note of defiance in Edward's voice as he replied: "My niece came here as my guest for the mountain air during vacation, and because she had no more suitable place to go. She

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came with the understanding that she was to return at her pleasure and that I was to see her safely back to St. Louis."

Whatever Henry's thoughts were, he did not allow a hint of them to appear in his face. I now believe he must have observed me watching him intently, for with the diplomatic resourcefulness that made him more formidable than any other quality, he remarked:

"It is possible that Joseph may be able to offer an argument that will convince Miss Louise's judgment," and he cast a sly, merry glance in my direction.

That remark served to lull the suspicions that had begun to grow in my mind. I began to feel ashamed for entertaining such unworthy thoughts of so great and good a man. A little flattery on the subject which is uppermost in the mind of the flattered, and nearest to the heart, works wonders, especially with a lad of eighteen who is very much in love.

I could not see Louise's face, as her back was toward me, but I could imagine the indifferent composure thereon as she replied, "Your remark is most flattering, Mr. Lorenzo. Indeed, I am led to suspect that while you have been too busy in the work of the Kingdom, as you call it, to devote any time to literature, you must have found ample time to cultivate the very difficult art of properly flattering the vanity of the feminine sex. But no doubt that all comes in a Prophet's day's work. You will be indulgent, I know, if I appear very ignorant of your customs."

At this juncture, Edward and his wife rose from the table, followed by the others, and Edward

turned the conversation into less dangerous channels.

Such remarks from Louise were two edged, and cut me more keenly than they ever could Henry. It wounded me deeply to hear the woman I loved uttering veiled, but none the less scathing aspersions on the good faith of my people and their religion. I spent many hours that night tossing about on my bed, trying to devise some means of approaching the subject of religion with Louise, without offending and antagonizing her and so losing the ground I had gained. These thoughts occupied my mind so fully, that I forgot Henry and the fears I had entertained earlier in the evening.

The next morning Henry came to my room at the first break of day. He told me that he was going back to the city, and would send the buckboard and team after mother and me in the course of a few days, as the doctor had told him that I could be moved in that time. Then, sitting down on the bed, he became very grave.

"My son, it is high time that you set out on a mission to spread the revelations which God, in his infinite wisdom, has seen fit to reveal to the Latter Day Saints. Indeed, it has been revealed to me this night that the Lord has willed you should go. Has not the Spirit visited you, too, my son?"

His grave saintly manner brought me back, to a certain extent under the influence of his will, as nothing else could have done. For the past four or five years I had waited longingly for the call to go out on a mission; but now that the path lay open before me, it was with difficulty and without enthusiasm that I assured him of my willingness to answer the call.

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No trace of what was going on in his mind appeared on his stern, handsome face as he said: "You were ever a dutiful son, ardent in the faith and obedient to the word. May you ever be so. Such qualities will carry you far in this world, and secure you a brilliant crown in the world to come. It will be best for you to return to town as soon as you are able, that you may begin the work of preparing for your departure."

He then knelt down beside my bed and prayed long and exhaustively, but with a fervor and spontaneity I have never heard equalled in extemporaneous prayer. He arose, shook hands, and departed without another word. I would soon have to leave the sweet presence of the girl I loved, and the thought of leaving her filled me with a sense of utter desolation. Then it occurred to me that I might carry on my mission work in the east where she was teaching, and this possibility filled me with hope. In any event, I would ask her to be my wife before I left.

I believe that everyone was relieved to find that Henry had left—certainly, Edward was unusually jovial.

The next few days offered no opportunity to talk with Louise alone.

The evening before I left that valley of enchantment, however, the longed-for but dreaded opportunity presented itself. I was now able to walk with the aid of a cane. The others had all retired early, leaving Louise and me sitting on the veranda. The fact that she remained to talk with me, after the others had left, sent my spirits soaring.

We sat in silence for several minutes before I had sufficiently composed myself to speak. It has

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ever been my way to plunge directly to the point; and, I am afraid, never in the history of the world was there a more brutally matter-of-fact declaration of love and offer of marriage. I am certain no lover ever felt that fact more keenly, or longed for the easy grace and silver tongue of the gallant suppliant more than I.

We had been sitting but a few feet apart when I began to speak, and I leaned toward her, drinking in the spiritual beauty of her face, bathed in the bright moonlight. She did not move or speak for some time. Finally she turned her beautiful face toward me, and said softly:

"I have suspected this for some time, Joe," (that name on her lips gave me a thrill of joy such as I had never experienced) "and I am sorry. I believe you are as true, good, and pure minded a boy as I have ever met, but your religion makes an absolutely insurmountable barrier."

I started to speak, but she interrupted.

"Don't, Joe, I am very fond of you and it would hurt me to hear you defend what I know to be false and wicked. Don't misunderstand me. I believe you are absolutely sincere in your beliefs, and that you are the helpless victim of the sins of the father, for which you are not accountable. You are about to set out on what you call a mission, which will carry you out into the world that is my world. You will see more apparent wickedness there, I regret to say, than you would ever see in "Zion." It is not because of our religion, however, but in spite of it. Men and women may choose, there, whether they will live a life of good or of evil. I believe, yes, I know that the doctrine of plural marriage which is one of the essential

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dogmas of your faith, is wicked and in defiance to the laws of God and man. I am going to ask you to do something which I hope will some day bring about our mutual happiness. While you are on your mission, make a study of what you call the gentile religion. Attend the churches there, and seek out the learned men of the gospel, and see if the religion you espouse so warmly will withstand the tests of logic and the uncontrovertible facts of history. Visit Palmyra, New York, and learn from the old residents what manner of man this Joseph Smith, who started your belief, was. In short, investigate your religion, which you make the ruling law of your life. If it is genuine, it will withstand these tests. Then come to me, and if you honestly believe in it, I will, perhaps, listen to you. Will you promise to do that for me, Joe?"

Gladly I assented with fervor. But before I could say anything further, she arose, and with a tender, "Thank you. Good night," retreated quickly into the house. I followed and sought my bed, not to rest, but to lie awake and live again the scene that had just ensued.

The next day Henry arrived in the buckboard, leading a saddled horse behind him. He said he intended to inspect some mining claims farther up the canyon, which would take a day or two, and that mother and I could drive home alone. His attitude toward Louise was so changed that the sense of danger, aroused anew at his intention to remain there, was again lulled. He treated her with a distant, preoccupied indifference.

I had no opportunity for another talk with Louise alone. I suspect she avoided it. However, she managed to give me a little package, unnoticed,

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with instructions not to open it until I was well on my way eastward. She said also, that her address was in the package.

She rode along the trail with us on horse-back for a mile or so. I like to remember her as I saw her that day, her lithe little figure perched gracefully on the spirited old roan; a sombrero sitting jauntily at an angle on her head which was turned a little to one side; a stray lock of soft brown hair flirting about her face, first across the blue eyes, then touching the dainty lips, to be caught by her tiny, gauntleted hand, and brushed carelessly under her hat. Only one of the masters could have done her justice. She waved gaily as a turn in the trail hid her from view.

PART II

PART II

CHAPTER I.

Two months later I was seated in the day coach of an east-bound train, gazing out of the window with unseeing eyes, vainly trying to readjust my sense of proportion to the magnitude of the country I had travelled through. Before I left "Zion," I had received my first lessons in geography, and much advice and information as to the life and customs of the people with whom I was to mingle and to teach. I had ridden horseback as far as Denver, and up to that time, all went famously. I was at home in the mountains, and traveling in an accustomed manner. But when the ugly snorting engine of modern travel sped across the bare, forbidding prairies to the eastward, taking me from the world I knew and loved, to the world unknown, and beginning to be dreaded, the full realization of my position burst upon me.

If the reader has ever left home and loved ones to seek a fortune in a strange land, without funds and without so much as an acquaintance in the fields of his future activities, he will understand the overpowering sense of desolation that fell upon me; if

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not no words can convey to the inexperienced, one-tenth part of that feeling. It was more like a hideous dream to my excited fancies than a stern reality. The cheerfulness of some of my fellow travellers, the preoccupation of others, and the indifference of all to those about them, added to my feeling of isolated loneliness. I was accustomed to greeting every man I met as brother and receiving the same cordial recognition. In the bustling city of Chicago I was buffeted about by the crowd at the station, and quite generally cursed for my awkwardness. No attention was paid to me, unless I happened to get in the way. I was as unfamiliar with travelling as though I had just landed from Mars. Truly this was a selfish, brutal and unrighteous world, with large opportunities for the teaching of the bettering influences of God's ways. I had come to this conclusion, and was wondering how so intelligent and refined a person as Louise could call this her world, when my thoughts were interrupted by the occupant of the seat opposite me.

He had turned the back of the seat over and stretched himself out for a nap, snoring lustily. I had become accustomed to being near people and ignoring their presence so gave him no special attention, until he addressed me.

"Say, Bill, how's yer smokin'?"

I turned and noted he was a youth of about my own age. His loud plaid suit was very much soiled and wrinkled, but he wore a pair of low-cut patent leather shoes and a tie of brilliant red. His face was such as I have since learned to classify as that of a fast young man, who is without means to keep up the momentum,—“a would-be sport” to use a colloquial expression. Despite that, there was something prepossessing about his appearance; a certain good-natured, worldly-wise, friendly tolerance in the ex-

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pression of his eyes, that, inexperienced as I was, caused me to feel that, in spite of his dress and manner, he was one who could be trusted, and one who had seen much of the world.

"If you mean tobacco," I replied, "I never use it."

"Huh," he said, with some disappointment, looking at me with interest. "Where ud ya come from? What's yer line?"

"I came from Zion. As to what my line is, I do not understand you," I replied.

"Zion! Where tha devil's that? Place the Methodist is always hollerin' 'bout? What da ya do?"

"I am a Latter Day Saint, working for God and His Kingdom," I answered proudly.

"A saint! Working fer Gawd! Got a d—— stidy job, ain't ya? Yer the first home-grown saint I've run in ta. Most of them iz dagoes, ain't they? What's the graft?"

"I do not understand all you say, but I hope my work in the service of the Lord will go on forever."

He seemed to pay very little attention to my answers, and surveyed me with a critical stare, which was robbed of some of its rudeness by the interested solicitude of his expression.

"Them's purty good rags ya got there," he said after a moment of silence, "and ya look like three square meals reg'lar. Now saint business must be a purty fair lay."

I was somewhat irritated by his easy familiarity, and the fact that I could not understand all he said. He paused a minute, and as I did not answer, asked with a sly twinkle in his eye: "Preach some?"

I answered rather coldly that I was setting out on a mision to preach the will of God as revealed to the Latter Day Saints.

"Ain't got ya yet," he said with a puzzled frown.

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"What brand of truth iz this Latter Day Saint gospel?" He pronounced the word "gospel" in a way that was intended to give me the impression that he was not so ignorant of religion as I may have thought.

It occurred to me then that we were known to the Gentile world as Mormons, so I said: "We are called Mormons by the Gentiles. Perhaps you have heard of us by that name."

"By the Gentiles?" he blinked. Then with a broad, knowing smile: "Quit yer kiddin' me, pal. Whacher doin', sellin' da clothings? Ain't ya a 'clothings-house' man?"

"But I do not understand you."

"Ain't ya a sheeny?" he asked rather sheepishly.

"You are beyond my depth, my friend," I replied completely at sea; "but by the people who are not of our faith, we are called Mormons."

"Ah, now I got ya," he sighed, apparently much relieved, and with this, he straightened up with animation saying, "Sure! Read about ya in a Sunday paper, a little while ago." Then, poking me with his finger he genially inquired: "How many ya got?"

"How many what?" Again I was puzzled.

"Wives, dames, fluzies," he said, with an impatient wave of the hand.

"I am not married yet," I answered with frigid dignity. "Saints do not marry until they are able to support their wives and children."

I believe he had mental reservations, as to the veracity of my answer.

"Where ya goin' for converts?"

"To New York."

"What! New York City?"

"No, I intend to stop at Palmyra, New York, and visit the place where the great Prophet Joseph Smith

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was first visited by a revelation from the Most High; and emulate his example, by starting to teach there."

"I was goin' to say, that the big town would be a bad huntin' ground for a wheater like youse. If ya got the price ta git there, keep it in yer geens, 'cause yer graft won't go there. Ya wouldn't make 'nough ta keep yer in cakes, not ta talk about any wives. Say!" brightening up and fairly glowing with enthusiasm, "tell ya what I'll do. I'm busted. Let's hook up. I have my 'ups and downs.' Just at the present writin' I'm down. I ain't never missed no meals yet, but I've had to posepone several. I'll do a song and dance stunt to git the crowd,—and while yer a preachin', I'll pass around the hat and rake in the shekels an' we'll split the mazuma equals. I'm experienced! Done the stunt for a patent medicine man all through Jersey last summer. I had a lot of songs an' jokes that made the potato-bug wallapers in Jersey tear their whiskers out a laughin'. What da ya say?"

"It is my duty to enlist everyone that I can in our cause, but not for the purpose of gain. If you are truly interested in our faith, and desire to become a worker in the Kingdom, I shall be glad and proud to teach you the principles that govern our lives. You will find it irksome at first, as we have a high standard of morals. We do not believe in the use of tobacco or stimulants, and are guided by God's will in our every action."

I felt in duty bound to encourage him; but I also felt that he was not the type of man I wanted to attract to our cause. I thought myself very diplomatic in calling to his attention the things that I thought would frighten him away.

"Sure!" he said, with enthuisasm, "that's the way

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ta do business. I was in a strike wonst, and I was that hottest one in the bunch at makin' times lively. If yer goin' in with a bunch, be the hottest one for the hottest things. That's the way to git where you'll be in sight. Now in this saint business, my way of figurin' is ta take all of tha hot subjects an' keep 'em pipin' hot. If ya believe this feller Smith, shout loud an' hard for 'im; if ya believe in more than one wife, hang out for as many as a dozen anyhow. The feller that hollers loudest for the noisiest things iz the one that makes the folks set up and notice. I'm sick of tha sportin' life. A good trip on tha water wagin with religion fer a bracer ought a put me in trim in a couple a months."

"If you are sincere, and intend to lead a new life, following our teachings with a humble and obedient desire to help in the work of the Kingdom, with no thought of gain to yourself, I will give you the book of Mormon, and articles written by holy men, that you may know the truth of the only true religion. If you are still anxious to become one of us, you may go to Zion, or stay here among the gentiles and work for the faith. As for your proposal that we travel together, I do not believe it feasible. I do not expect to preach much. I intend to go quietly from house to house, telling people of our ways and good works, and leaving tracts with the true principles of Christianity at each home. If, after I have been in a community for some time, there is a sufficient number interested to warrant it, I will preach to the people assembled in some proper place."

"You'll find that purty slow, and the coin mighty scarce. Now my idea iz business-like, an' up ta

date: Ya can leave yer tracks over the hull country in the day time an' git in the park of the nearest village at night. I'll stir up the noise an' git the crowd, and you give 'em the talk, an' I'll pass the lid."

It is an inflexible rule of the Mormons that their missionaries shall pay their own way, and not receive aid in any way, shape, or form from home. It is the custom for the father of a missionary to hold a reception at the stake-house the night before the missionary sets out, and invite all friends, relatives and neighbors to attend, all of whom are expected to donate a small sum toward paying the expenses of the missionary to the field of his activity. This custom was followed in my case, and I was greatly surprised at the amount, which totalled over three hundred dollars. I have since concluded that Henry wanted to make sure that I would begin my work a long distance from home, and swelled the collection from his pocket. And, too, he gave me a horse, which I disposed of in Denver for one hundred dollars.

The enthusiasm of my new friend was infectious. Besides, I longed for the opportunity to speak in public, as I was imbued with the idea that I had extraordinary powers along this line. Then, too, I was inexpressibly lonely, and the happy, world-wise, good-fellowship of this young man appealed to me in spite of the fact that he was in many respects, repellent. We finally agreed, just before the train pulled into Buffalo, to cast our fortunes in together, and to separate when either party became dissatisfied.

"We'll bind the bargain by tellin' our real names," said he. "Mine's Tom Craig. Shake!"

CHAPTER II.

We left Buffalo the next morning provided with a ticket for Lyons, N. Y. Tom persuaded me that it would be best to defer my visit to Palmyra for the season during which we could hold open-air meetings would be brief as fall would soon turn into winter. He had "played" all the towns along the line of the New York Central Railway, and was acquainted with the temperament of the people. We decided on Lyons as Tom thought it the most attractive field. The people were largely German and less apt to treat us roughly than at Palmyra.

"These crout-fed sod-rippers like music, and if ya can git an old joke through their noodles, they'll laugh the real estate out from under their finger nails that's been 'cumulatin' there fer the last ten years, every time they tore the weeds outa the beets and barley. They'r bullheads, but they'r great fellers to listen to new ideas, an' figure 'bout 'em, an' they'r just as apt to be with ya as against ya. Don't ya never say nothin' 'bout beer, that's a little ahead of religion with Dutchmen, an' besides beer is good for 'em, and they know they git fat on it, so stow the beer talk."

I conceive it unnecessary to go into details of my experience as a Mormon missionary; I will simply give the reader a brief sketch of the salient inci-

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dents which, I believe, had a tendency to shake my faith in Mormonism.

Tom's plan failed; not because he did not succeed in attracting and amusing a crowd, but because they would not listen to the doctrine of Mormonism. It was a keen disappointment to us both, and we reluctantly decided to part company. Tom left for Syracuse, leaving me alone again. I missed him. He was one to whom a living had always come by hard knocks, yet he was not in the least soured on humanity, had a rich sense of humor which carried him over many an obstacle, and he bore no one illwill. He had a kindly, genial good feeling toward all whom he met, and he will live long in my memory. I like to remember an amusing incident which happened on our arrival in Buffalo and which typified his attitude toward the world. Tom received a letter from an acquaintance who owed him a couple dollars. He came to our room with the letter in hand, and grinning handed it to me. I perused it casually, but could note nothing in its contents to cause merriment. It simply read:

"Please find enclosed two dollars in currency which I borrowed from you some time ago. Many thanks, old Top."

"Yours," etc.

"Well," I said, somewhat nonplused, "I can't see the joke to this."

"But he never enclosed the two plunks," he laughed, "an' I wrote back on a postal card:

"'Please find enclosed a receipt for the said two dollars which ya never sent.'

"Yours,

Tom.'"

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I set about my missionary work according to my original design, following the usual tactics of Mormon missionaries by going from house to house leaving tracts. Whenever I engaged a person in conversation, I always brought the subject around to religion. But for the most part I met with a negative interest. I made not a single convert during the two weeks I plodded doggedly from house to house, sometimes in the village and sometimes in the country.

One morning I approached a kindly, benevolent old man on his veranda, with my usual introductory remarks. He asked me to take a chair and proceeded to draw me out. I waxed warm with my subject, encouraged by the intelligent interest shown in his mild blue eyes. When I finished, he said gently, with a trace of German accent:

"My boy, you are not a fool, nor a rogue, nor a hypocrite; I surmise that as a victim of circumstance, you inherited a false doctrine. You are at least of average intelligence, so could not have been proselyted into a creed which is so palpably false, and so easily proven to be such. Since you presume to claim yours to be the only true faith, let me counsel you to investigate the origin of that faith; especially as you are so near to the place where it originated. Visit Palmyra, it is but a short distance from here and learn how your prophet Smith was regarded by men who knew him well. But, my son, you must not allow the discovery of the fact that your prophet Smith was a rogue to shake your faith in God."

He rose, and with a friendly pat on the shoulder, wished me good day and went into the house. I afterwards learned that he was a retired Presbyterian minister. This was the third time I had been

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told to investigate my religion by people, who, I had reasons to believe, wished me well and who spoke from intelligent information on the subject. I determined to follow their advice, and thus to be armed with the best of answers in event of someone else's making a similar suggestion. Besides, I had promised Louise to do that very thing.

On opening the package Louise had given me, I found a copy of the New Testament and the Book of Common Prayer of the Episcopal Church. I had put off the perusal of these books until I had an opportunity to first visit Palmyra. I determined to carry out this design immediately and the following Sunday visited the city of the "Immortal Joseph."

Early Sunday morning I arrived in Palmyra and made my way at once up the main street to the hotel. This was a large building, surmounted by a square cupola. Huge white columns supported the double porches, and wide steps led up to the entrance. Everything that met my notice was of interest, for was it not here that God's own greatest Prophet had lived?

I resolved first of all to make a pilgrimage to Smith's old home, and to the Hill of Cumorah, on the summit of which God had revealed Himself to Joseph, and delivered the golden plates into his hands. I learned that the hill was about three and a half miles south of the town, and I decided to walk the distance like a true pilgrim.

The church bells were ringing as I left the village, and I met numerous conveyances loaded with country folk driving to church, as I stepped joyously along the dusty country road. My heart was light and my head was full of plans for the future. I felt that I was approaching sacred ground, and that now if ever I would be visited with a revelation on this

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holy spot. With this thought, I quickened my steps and presently came upon a farm house, set back from the road. A boy was riding an old horse down a lane by the road to a watering trough, and I accosted him.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Mormon Hill?" I asked, knowing that it was termed thus by the Gentiles.

"Sure, jest yonder," with a jerk of his thumb toward the rear of the house.

I was not a little disappointed in its size. Accustomed to the mountains of the west, I had been anticipating an elevation far above that of its fellows. Still it was larger than its neighbors and seemed to be set apart from them. It extends north and south and is much longer than it is wide. From every side it slopes up to the summit giving it the appearance of a huge cone.

Before ascending the hill, I knelt beneath a large tree at the base and prayed that a revelation from heaven might come to me on this holy hill, that would prove beyond doubt or question that mine was the true faith and that this was the place of its inception.

I arose from my knees, strengthened and encouraged, imbued with the faith that God, through some means natural or divine, would give me some unmistakable sign or proof of what I sought. It was with a high pulse and a sense of tingling expectancy, that I reached the summit. What was my disappointment to find nothing particularly striking but an old man "salting" a small flock of sheep. I was disconcerted for the moment, but he did not notice me until I had regained my composure.

"Fine day," he said, when he observed me.

Instantly I resolved to conceal the fact that I was

a Mormon until I had sounded him as to his memory of Joseph Smith, if by chance his memory served him that far.

I agreed with his opinion of the weather and remarked that I believed the hill we stood upon, was of some historical interest.

He grunted, pushed his hat back on his head and regarded me thoughtfully out of a pair of kindly but quizzical grey eyes. "History 'nough fer some poor devils. Stranger in these parts, I reckon?"

"Yes, I am stopping in town for a few days, and was told that this hill was one of the spots of interest. Some sort of a book was dug up here was it not?"

"Huh, that's what Joe Smith said, but no one outside o' him and a few cronies saw it. See that little rise o' ground?" pointing toward the north where the summit was slightly elevated. "Notice that bare spot 'round the hole in the ground? That's where they claims the golden plates was dug up. Mormons sez that no grass won't never grow there, and none does. But the reason's plain 'nough. Them ere sheep keeps that hole there. Summer time flies pester 'em most to death. Then they gits in that hole an' paws the dirt to keep the flies away. I let the cattle up here too and what the sheep don't do, they does. But law! the way them Mormons come here and kneels down and prays in the dirt, is 'nough to split yer sides!" He threw his head back and indulged in a fit of silent laughter; puckering his mouth up in a funny little bow and ending his mirth with a smack of his lips.

"Don't you think they are sincere?" I asked, secretly nettled by his light remarks, but determined to carry out my purpose.

"Sincere? Well, I reckon the wimmen is, or they wouldn't put up with what they does. But the men

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what started it! Law save us! Joe Smith knew what he was about, even if he didn't have no sense."

"Did you know the Prophet?"

"Know him! I reckon I did, an' I never knowed nothin' good o' him neither. Lived jest over yonder, a couple of miles from here," jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "Everybody round here knowed him all right. Family wa'nt nothin'. Jest a low down thievin' lyin' lot, an' Joe was tha worst o' the bunch. Nobody thought he had any brains, but the Devil must a gi'en him somethin' that answered. Wa'nt nobody that could beat him a-lyin' an' tellin' stories. He used to have a 'peep stun' in his hat, an' he'd look at the stun, and pretend to tell where anything was. He dug it up over in Chase's place, when he was diggin' a well. I can see him now, goin' round in his ragged, dirty clothes, with only one galesis, an' hair stickin' straight up through a hole in his hat. He had the gift o' gab allright. He'd set down in the store an' tell yarn o' visions an' visitations so slick an' smooth that you'd most believe 'em yerself.

"After awhile he did git some shiftless truck to believin' in him. Nights they'd go round diggin' fer a chest o' gold. Joe said he could see with his stun,—an' then they'd dig keepin' mum as clams. Joe always said if anyone spoke a word, the spell would be broke, an' the gold would go off to some other place. Sometimes they'd dig a couple o' hours then someone would swear or somethin' an' it would be all up.

"Ever hear 'bout the black-sheep sacrifice? Wall, that was a pretty cute way o' gittin' a sheep. Joe told his crowd that he had located the chest, but before they could dig it, a fat black sheep must be sacrificed, an' the blood spilt on the ground. Wall, the bunch gathered round with picks, an' Joe cut the

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sheep's throat an' made the critter walk round, makin' a circle with its blood. Then after a lot o' mutterin' Smith told em to dig inside the circle. They dug an' dug, but here wuz the cute part o' it: somebody swore an' the gold vanished, an' so had Joe's father with the sheep." The old man again indulged in a fit of silent laughter.

"But the plates," I said, "don't you believe that he really saw a vision, and received the Holy Book directly from the hand of God?"

He sobered at once, looked at me keenly and stroked his chin.

"Law save us, boy, you talk as though you might be a Mormon yourself,—but no, you look too likely a lad for any such fool bizness. Nobody around here never believed that Joe found nothin' but an easy way to make a livin'. He was always sky-larkin' around nights, an' one night, he comes up here with a pick an' a napkin. When he got home he had somethin' bundled up in the napkin, an' he told how it was a book with gold leaves. Nobody could see it because the Lord told him that if anybody else looked at it, they would be struck dead. He used to let the boys feel o' it though, all covered up with a canvas. Three of the fellers wuz feelin' o' it one night, an' coaxin' Joe for a peak at it, but he wouldn't. One o' em said he didn't care a darnation, and snatched the cover off. All 'twas wuz a big brick; but Joe sneaked out of it. Said it wasn't the book at all, that the Lord knowed what they wuz goin' to do, an' changed the book to a brick; it wuz jest a joke on em."

"After a spell a stranger come to town an' talked with Joe, an' after that, they said it wuz the work o' God, writ in some furrin language. They they took to writin' it in English, an' they had it printed at the

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Wayne County Sentinel office. John Gilbert wuz the chief printer, an' he fixed the mistakes fer 'em, an' put it through fer 'em. They dug a cave in the side o' this hill where they pretended to be a writin' it, but no one ever got in there but Smith and Cowdry an' Harris. They claim to have saw the book, but they wuz all noted liars. After that they got a few converts, poor ignerant cusses that wuz superstitious an' they cleared out after awhile. Law! there's Sarah callin' dinner. Won't you come down an' have a bite?" And he rose stiffly and picked up the salt measure.

"No, thank you," I replied. "I have to be going on. Do Mormon missionaries ever come here for converts?"

"Well, now, sometimes they do, but the same one never comes twict," and he shuffled off down the hill, while his shoulders shook with his characteristically silent mirth.

He left me with a mingled feeling of resentment and discomfort. I tried to persuade myself that he was an ignorant, blasphemous old imbecile, the kind that always deny everything that has not been accomplished by themselves. But the offhand, cheerful unassuming straightforwardness with which he spoke of the Prophet, convinced my judgment but did not overpower my will. Long years of absolute faith could not be uprooted by a few minutes' conversation with a strange old man in the tertiary stage of senile decay. I could not for the minute grasp the full significance that the story of this old iconoclast bore on the honor of our Prophet and the validity of his revelations, which were the very foundation of our religion. I watched him ambling rheumatically down the hill, whistling an old-fashioned country dance, and continued to watch the door behind which

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he had disappeared long after it had been closed. I was dazed and confused, and finally returned to my room in the hotel to spend the remainder of the day and night arguing with myself, lying face downward on the bed. My pride urged me to disregard the old man's story as a false tale of a bigoted enemy of the church; my judgment and intuition told me it was true. The next morning I visited the newspaper office the old man had mentioned only to have his every statement verified in answer to my cautious inquiry. I spent a few hours wandering about town, and the people I approached on the subject of Mormonism were of the same mind. There seemed to be no animosity against Mormonism, just an amused contempt for anyone who might be simple enough to have faith in the so-called visions and revelations of Joe Smith. He had been regarded as the village roustabout, a shiftless good-for-nothing.

It is difficult to put in words the sensations that the growing belief in the falsity of Smith's claim to divine authority, aroused in my mind. I rebelled against my judgment, which accepted what the gentiles told me as true. The rebellion was generously fortified by the innate and ingrained belief in the doctrine that had been made a part of my mentality, and was fostered by pride in the intelligence and wholesomeness of my people. To me religion was the paramount and all-controlling motive for every act. The upbuilding of the "Kingdom" was the reason for my very existence. Now that the foundation of the "Kingdom" seemed to be laid in worse than sand; to be, in fact, the dishonest vagaries of the mind of a man whom it would be charitable to call a crackbrained fanatic, can it be wondered that I was in a state of mental chaos?

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Mine is a nature that will not be silenced by half the truth, that will be content to overlook facts by waving them aside with high-handed indifference backed only by fine spun theories as to what may or may not be. I could not do as thousands of Mormons have: pass off the truth by reasoning that "our religions is as good as any other; that there is a doubt as to the authenticity of all religions."

It was in this frame of mind that I returned to Lyons to find a letter awaiting me from Louise. I hastened to my room and perused it with as much astonishment as avidity. It ran thus:

"DEAR JOSEPH:

"You once rescued me from a band of outlaws; no human being was ever stirred by greater gratitude than was I. You have been kind to me, have respected me, and I believed you that night when you told me that you loved me. For these reasons I am calling on you to make a great sacrifice for me in the hour of my dire distress and danger. I am imprisoned in a miner's hut by your father who is attempting to force me to marry him. Moab is my jailer and has consented to send this letter to you after assuring me that you would simply tell me to abide by your father's will. If you love me, Joe, if you have the manhood, the courage and the spirit I believe you have, save me from this loathsome captivity and the probable fate that your wretched father has planned for me. Act quickly for the love you say you have for me.

"In an agony of distress and suspense, I am, as ever,
"LOUISE."

All my enthusiasm in my work for the "Kingdom" at once vanished. I cared not a jot for religion, God,

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man, or the devil, dogmas or creeds. When the human mind centers upon one subject and none other, and cannot be changed, the unfortunate is insane. My one thought was to rescue Louise and kill that smug old villain, Henry Lorenzo, if necessary. What cared I for any theory regarding a hereafter! What cared I for any punishment of God or man! My one and all-consuming object was to protect Louise, and kill anyone who violently opposed me! That I had but two dollars and a few cents bothered me not a bit, at first, although my ticket carried me only as far as Chicago. Later when I had spent my last dollar and was riding on top of a freight train in the cool, fall night air, with only ten cents' worth of crackers and cheese under my belt for forty-eight hours, I cursed money, man and humanity in general, not because I was half starved and chilled to the bone, but because I could not span the distance with celerity money would buy me.

Those were the good old days before the troublesome reformer had put laws on the statute books making it necessary for the train to stop before a trespasser could be removed. Halcyon days for the brakemen. I had several encounters with the wielders of the hickory stick. I choked one to insensibility in his own caboose, overawed two or three, and knocked submissiveness into the heads of several; always helping myself to the contents of their respective dinner pails.

In Denver I purchased two horses on Henry's credit, cursing him mentally when I was forced to use his name, and commenced my journey over the ominous Rockies with scarcely any rest. Driven on by feverish anxiety I rode both mounts to exhaustion before stopping for sleep, then rested three hours and was off again. I kept up this pace for two days

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and three nights with scarcely any sleep. The nervous tension began to tell on me though I had believed there was no limit to my endurance. The third evening I became feverish; on the fourth I was in a stage of semi-delirium. After that I lost all account of nights and days, but kept doggedly going forward with all the speed that could be wrung from my fast flagging ponies. I spurred them with Indian brutality, I, who loved a horse with almost sentimental devotion. Twice during a period when I was in a state of feverish stupor, my mount wandered from the trail. I missed a water hole where I calculated to fill my canteen and water the horses. Then I rode for God only knows how long without water, my fever mounting higher and higher. I must have fallen into a stupor again and returned to consciousness to find myself lying near one of my horses. I struggled dizzily to my feet and kicked it. It was dead. I gazed about with partially unseeing eyes, endeavoring to find the other pony. It was nowhere in sight. I noticed one, two, three buzzards circling near. I shook my fist at them and cursed them.

I staggered forward on foot. A fatalistic certainty of arriving at my destination was the only thing that could have impelled me onward in such a condition. My tongue was dry, swollen and blistered, my limbs trembling, my head dizzy, and my vision distorted. A rattler, ruthlessly disturbed, struck my boot, but his fangs were not long enough to harm me. I laughed and plunged on. I threw away one six-shooter and all of the food I dared. Again I lost consciousness.

It must have been hours later when I wakened to find myself picked by an emigrant caravan. They were rough but kindly people. I was permitted to ride in one of the prairie schooners, lying stretched out on a pile of bedding. The fever subsided, and

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the rest, water and care revived me. Before we reached Salt Lake City I could walk without much difficulty.

I must have appeared much like an emaciated phantom to my astonished mother, whom I found alone in her apartment. Before she had an opportunity to speak, I demanded to know what had become of Louise, holding her at arms' length. Divining the cause of my return and desiring to comfort me, mother unwittingly chose the most revolting method of imparting the shocking news of Louise. She said: "That Gentile girl proved too obstinate and bitter an opponent of God's will. She ridiculed our prophets, laughed at the Holy Revelation, and openly defied the revealed Word of God."

"Where is she?" I again demanded fiercely.

"She died the death of the unfit and unyielding. She was frozen to death in the mountains in a foolish and headstrong attempt to thwart God's will."

"Dead! Frozen to death! God have mercy on the hypocrites and false prophets that killed her, I will not!" and with that I turned from my mother who called to me pleadingly:

"Joe, Joe! Sonny boy, don't leave your mother so!"

I strode to the barn, mounted the best horse in the stable and rode to Edward's home. I could not believe that Louise was dead. I would not believe it. It must be that mother had been told this to keep the facts from her, I reasoned. With rage, sorrow, doubt and anxiety growing within me, I rode with a reckless headlong speed past familiar objects, scarcely noticing them. As I dashed round the bend in the canyon that disclosed my sister's home, I noticed Edward watering the horses at the rivulet. As soon as I came within hailing distance

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I demanded to know the whereabouts of Louise. He answered me with reluctance much as mother did save that he condemned what she had extolled. Then it was true that my beautiful, sweet, pure and noble sweetheart had been hunted like a wild animal, driven into the inclement mountains to escape a brute lower than cold-blooded animal creation.

"D— Henry Lorenzo!" I cried. "D— the false, hypocritical coward! The lust-besotted whelp of Hell! I, the fruit of his own loins will kill him with my own hands! Do you hear, d— you? I'll choke his heart's blood from his loathsome carcass!"

I raved on at Edward, saying I know not what, until rage was supplanted by grief and I fell on the ground face downward and sobbed like a baby. I have never shed a tear since, but I am not ashamed of having done so then. Edward said nothing for several minutes. Finally he began to talk to me gently, saying he felt much as I did, that he was going to leave the land of lust-ridden hypocrites and deluded fools.

CHAPTER III.

FOR several days I rode and walked about the mountains, and up and down the canyon, growing more embittered and dangerous each hour. At first I decided to kill Henry on sight, but on more mature thought I conceived that it would be a greater punishment to humiliate, humble and disgrace him in his sphere of power. No one knew better than I that among the Mormon people there existed many hearts as true, honorable and loyal as ever pulsated, misguided and grounded thoroughly in the heresy of the monomaniac Smith, but Anglo-Saxon both in blood and instinct when their vision was not obscured by religious fanaticism. How to drive home to these true-hearted ones the errors of thought and deed which had been handed to them in childhood by their fathers, together with avenging the death of my sweetheart, became my one reason and purpose for living.

I left the canyon for Salt Lake City, rested and invigorated. Mother was anxiously awaiting my return, and was greatly relieved to find me in a collected and apparently normal state of mind. I talked with her for a few hours and learned the news of the neighborhood. Henry had gone to the southern part of Utah on a business trip. Moab had disappeared and had not been heard of for several weeks. It was thought he had gone on a mission. Henry had added four young and beautiful wives to add

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luster to his crown in the world to come. Several half-brothers and sisters had been born into the family during my absence. I spent the next few weeks visiting among the most intellectual of my friends, sounding them as to their attitude toward the rulers of the church. I found them in sympathy with the leader as a whole, but a strong sentiment against plural marriage seemed to exist. This was especially true among the younger men, some of whom had been robbed of their sweethearts by the older "saints" and others had been threatened. Then, too, the Federal Government was taking a strong interest in the polygamy question. I carefully noted every instance of dissatisfaction and made a written detailed account of every outrage which I gave to the officers of the U. S. Army who commanded the Army Post near the city, to mail to the President of the United States. I was in a position to learn and did learn more than any secret-service man could.

I visited the President of the Church with a letter of recommendation from two Bishops who were friends of Henry's and asked for a position of a clerical nature. If he knew the story of my mission he did not mention it. He sounded me casually on my attitude toward the ruling element then in power and finding me apparently all zeal and very heartily in favor of the existing regime, he inquired if I was married, and learning that I was not even sealed, he slapped me on the back saying:

"I am giving a little reception this evening in 'Amelia Palace.' Be on hand and we will talk the matter over. Perhaps we can secure you not only a position, but a wife or two." Plainly, I had made a favorable impression.

Later I learned that Henry had left instructions to the effect that I must be watched on my return

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and placated by taking me into state secrets and by giving me a good position and the pick of several attractive women, or if I proved refractory to be immediately put out of existence as a danger to the church.

CHAPTER IV.

I WAS on hand at the "Amelia Palace" that night promptly at the appointed hour. It was a very select gathering composed of the gayer members of the ruling element, who, though much given to ostentatious public worship, were none the less devoted to gayety in private life.

The women present were conspicuous for their beauty and attractiveness. Practically all of them were unmarried and it developed that the gathering was for the ultimate purpose of marrying or sealing these young girls to some of the men present. It was a formal introduction to the society of one another which was to lead to a sealing for all eternity.

I concealed my lack of interest in the affair as best I could and my absent-mindedness or apparent awkwardness was no doubt charged up to my inexperience. Not that etiquette was observed to any extent as there were none present who had more than a rough idea of the proper manner of conducting themselves measured by the standard of Gentile society.

The evening was spent at cards, conversation, dancing and music. At midnight a sumptuous feast was served. I was seated at the table next to a daughter of a wealthy merchant. She was a jolly, intelligent young person, but I was too preoccupied with my plans for the future and too intent upon getting all

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the information that might drop unwittingly from the lips of the important persons present to give more heed to her than was necessary to keep up appearances. Before the gathering broke up, the President of the Church called me aside and informed me that he had a place for me and invited me to call in the morning.

I realized fully that the plan I had roughly formulated in mind, by which I was to wreck vengeance on Henry Lorenzo and to attempt to undeceive the Mormon people concerning the heresy of Joseph Smith, entailed dangers many and dire. But my mind was fortified by a deep-seated, slow-burning rage at the perfidy of the Mormon oligarchy in general, and Henry Lorenzo in particular.

I walked home brooding over these matters with a feeling of grim satisfaction, as I felt that I had obtained a wedge that would open the way for the consummation of the work I had laid out to do, let the consequences to myself be what they might.

The next morning I found the President in session with several leaders of the Church. I was greeted cordially by each of them and after a few preliminary remarks and aimless glances about, the President stroked his beard, shuffled his feet, bent his piercing eyes upon me and said:

"The nature of the work we are about to commission you to do for us and the glory of Zion is such that it will require the utmost loyalty and secrecy. We have selected you as a young man of energy, vigor, vision and loyalty. It has been revealed to us that it is necessary and proper for us to assume the attitude toward you which we will follow. Therefore I ask you to remember at all times that such attitude is not the desire nor the

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determination of us poor instruments of God, but the will of God Himself. That you may understand the magnitude and importance of the work you are about to embark upon, we conceive it necessary that you be taken into the innermost shrine of the Temple, there to expiate your sins, if you have any, and learn many things you wot not of. Understand that you may now withdraw from this enterprise and we will find a place for you elsewhere, but understand also that the oath once taken and our plans unfolded, your hand will then be 'put to the plow,' and there must be no faltering, nor turning back. Speak up and tell us if you are still all zeal, or that the gravity of the proposal has dampened your enthusiasm."

I did not hesitate. "I am with you to see the finish."

"Good!" said the President. "If," turning to the others, "all are agreed, we will now take our young brother through the inner mysteries of the Sacred Covenant." A suggestion that it would be best to wait until evening, met with approval.

It was with no peaceful state of mind that I left the conference. I fully realized that I was taking a step which, had I been acting in good faith, would have meant an opportunity for great preferment, wealth and honor as the Mormons see it; but which meant, in the event of my being unsuccessful and my purpose being discovered, immediate death. It was not fear of death that bothered me, however. I can say without boasting that I did not hold my life dearly then. I had no possibility of happiness or of peace of mind in sight. It was the knowledge that I was to be bound by oaths that might circumscribe my plans that troubled me.

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Had I but known it, there was little cause to fear anything but my own conceit and susceptibility to flattery.

Instinct led me home to tell my mother enough of what success and preferment I was meeting to please her, and it afforded me the most pleasant moment I had known since my return to see her careworn face brighten and beam with pride and happiness. I longed to tell her all, to unburden my heart, but prudence told me that to do so would bring terror and distress upon her. It is now a source of great happiness to me to know that this last day was one of peace and rejoicing on her part.

When I kissed her forehead that evening as I left her, I little dreamed that it was for the last time. Yet it was with a sense of foreboding that I rode into the city. It was a soft, moonlit spring night and the air was rich with the odor of growing things. That man-made garden-spot of the world, the Salt Lake Valley, was enveloped in the quietude of peace well earned by the day's labor.

The evenings, during the farmers' busy season, were very quiet at Salt Lake in those days, and I found the streets deserted save for here and there a person going quietly home from some distant point. I arrived in town before the appointed hour and hitched my horse in front of the "Bee Hive Bakery", intending to pass away a few moments there. It was my favorite place of spending odd moments of idleness while in town.

I chatted a few moments with the baker's jolly daughter and returned to my horse to renew my journey. As I placed my hand upon the pommel of my saddle, I felt a piece of paper and found it

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tied there with a string. I stepped to the light of the bakery window, unfolded the paper and read thereon: "Beware," in a scrawling feminine hand. Below it was signed: "A Friend." The mysteriousness of the delivery of the message and its contents gave me a momentary chill, but momentary only. I had suffered too keenly and my blood was too hot to be appreciably cooled in this manner. Clearly there was danger abroad, but I could not begin to imagine from whom I was to beware nor from what. I chuckled grimly to myself and felt to see if my revolver was in my saddle-bag, and on finding it and satisfying myself that it was loaded, I transferred it to my pocket. I rode to the "Bee Hive House," where I again secured my horse, and from there walked to the temple gate. I was joined there by the youngest of the "apostles." I thought I noticed an air of restraint in his manner, but attributed it to the unusual circumstances.

The Mormon Temple was then and is now surrounded by a high wall with a spiked railing on the top. Within the enclosure there was then only the Temple Building and a small outbuilding where candidates for admission to the Temple were taken to be prepared. The account which follows no doubt smacks of the imagination of a dime-novel writer. It is none the less consistent with the facts as I remember them.

We hastened to the last mentioned edifice and on our approaching the door, it opened noiselessly on a very small, dimly-lighted ante-room. An old man stepped from behind the entrance door and shuffled across the room to a door opposite, which opened to his touch. He beckoned me to enter, instructing me to remove all my clothing and to

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don the vestment I would find there, then rap on the floor. I found myself in a very small room absolutely barren save for inscriptions on the wall which I recognized as questions from the "Pearl of the Covenant." A pure white linen garment fastened like a great night-gown and stiffly starched, hung on a peg. Refusing to allow myself to speculate, I quickly exchanged my apparel for the shroud-like vestment and then rapped on the floor. Immediately a trap door in one corner of the floor opened and I was invited to descend. Being but human, all this mystery began to have its effect upon me.

The stillness, the white robe that enveloped me, and the prison-like room with its uncanny door and the shuffling figure that had admitted me into the room and directed me to give three knocks, all tended to fill me with a momentary uneasiness. I would not allow their meaningless mummary to daunt me, I resolved, and stepped quickly to the aperture disclosed by the trap door. A short flight of steps led to a tunnel beneath, which was dimly lighted by an oil lamp whose rays were lost in the distance of the tunnel. I could see no one as I descended; but as my feet left the last step, a man appeared from each side of the staircase. I was seized by four strong hands and a voice from behind demanded to know my name and by what right I was travelling the sacred road to the "Inner Shrine of God's Temporal Kingdom." I replied that I had been directed thither by the President of the Church. Whereupon the voice commanded that my hands be bound behind me and that my eyes be denied the light. After which, the voice commanded me to repeat after him a very long, profuse

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and binding oath of loyalty to God and the up-building of the Kingdom.

"Move forward to the next station," ordered the voice, and I was hustled rapidly forward, over a very smooth stone surface for perhaps five minutes, when a new voice commanded: "Halt!"

We stopped; then came the sound of whispering back and forth, presumably countersigns. A heavy door creaked on its hinges, and we again moved forward. A man was on either side of me, each with a grip on my pinioned arms. I felt that we were out of the tunnel and into a room, the Temple no doubt. We had taken but a few steps when a voice demanded to know who, denied the light and sight, came within these sacred precincts. Someone stepped from behind me and the voice that first addressed me as I entered the tunnel, proclaimed that I was a stranger found wandering upon Sacred Ground.

"He is the offspring of a true, loyal Latter Day Saint, but I will vouch not for him."

A third voice now interposed, which I instantly recognized as belonging to Russell Kimbal, a close business associate of Henry Lorenzo.

"I charge this stranger with being a traitor to the Kingdom of God on earth, with having broken his oath as a member of the Order of the 'Lions of the Lord,' in that he has betrayed knowledge that came to him to the gentile authorities; and I charge him also with having sought entrance to the Inner Shrine of the Kingdom, for the purpose of betraying God and His servants, and I pray you, Oh, Prince of God, that he be tried according to the law as revealed."

When Kimbal began to speak I knew that mis-

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chief was afoot and my heart began to beat faster, but not with fear. All the anger, antagonism and fierce desire for revenge welled up within me as this mouthpiece of Henry Lorenzo's disclosed to me that I had been trapped.

"Let him have light and the freedom of his person, that it may not be said that one accused before this Holy Shrine was prevented from having the full use of his faculties in answering and defending himself."

Deft fingers removed the bandage from my eyes and the rope from my hands. I expected to open my eyes on the interior of the Temple, but in this I was disappointed. I glanced, blinking at the light, about a long low room, plainly furnished and having the appearance of a court-room. Twenty-six men, all bishops and dignitaries of the church, were seated on an amphitheatre-like platform, or stage in front of me. All were dressed in a garb similar to that which had been given me, except that a small bee-hive was delicately woven in red on the right arm of their vestments. The President was seated in a massive chair which set in the foreground, and was raised slightly higher than the others. He was dressed in a purple robe and wore a gold band around his head. Seated on the bottom step which led up to the platform were the five chief officers of the "Lions of the Lord," all enveloped in monk-like gowns with hoods, and long daggers dangling from their leather belts. I noticed these details in the few brief seconds which elapsed before the President asked if there was a saint of any degree present who would assist the accused and counsel him before he answered the accusations.

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In the silence which followed I took the opportunity to look about, and noted that there was about twenty prominent "saints" ranged along the wall of the room each dressed in a white gown with L. D. S. woven in red across the breast. The men who had conducted me were similarly dressed and stood a step behind me on either side. It seemed very unreal, like a preposterous dream.

My eyes swept the room for a friendly face. I knew them to a man and knew them all for either zealous bigots or hypocritical scoundrels. For the first time in my life fear and terror were upon me. I looked up into the eyes of the President. They were glittering coldly into mine. His were the eyes of a "bad man," a "killer." No one answered. There was not a sound in the room save the rustling of starched garments and the low insistent hiss of the oil lamp burning just over my head.

"Then, sir, state your full name, the name of your parents," commanded the President.

I answered in a voice that sounded unfamiliar to me, but though strained, it was clear and trembling.

"Are you guilty of the charge preferred against you by Brother Kimbal?"

"I am guilty of nothing!" I said firmly, my courage returning to some extent.

"Trifle not with this august, puissant and Holy Tribunal, for know ye that if guilty ye be, only your life's blood will atone the offense in this world and gain you mercy in the world to come."

He rose from his chair as he spoke, and leaning towards me, shook a long forefinger at me, plucking his long grey beard nervously with the other hand.

I did not answer, but gazed fixedly into his bright

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glittering eyes, which were blazing with anger and the unnatural light of a homicidal monomaniac.

"Let me say, young sir, that your haughty defiance sets ill with me and that your pride and stubbornness will serve you a sorry turn at this time. It would better become you to think of your sins and transgressions and bow your defiant head, yea, to prostrate yourself and pray for mercy.

"Let the witnesses be brought forth, sworn and heard; place the accused at the proper station."

I was then assisted to a chair at the left side of the platform where I faced the President and could view the whole assemblage.

The appearance of the white-robed, stern-faced bearded men lined up on either side of the low room, and those on the platform made an imposing appearance. However grotesque and impossible the situation may appear to the reader, it was none the less real and tragic to me. I knew full well what the probable outcome of this mock trial would be. I knew, too, that the presence of the cloaked and cowed "Lions of the Lord," with their ugly daggers, signified "blood atonement"—death.

The door at the rear of the room opened and three men entered. I could not see them distinctly at first, but as they approached the center of the room to salute the President, I recognized Henry Lorenzo. As soon as the recognition forced itself upon my staggered brain, I sprang to my feet and would have jumped from the platform and thrown myself upon him, had not someone seized me roughly from behind and jerked me violently back to my seat. All the antagonism and fury that I had suppressed for the past few weeks welled up within me, and for the moment was too great for me to control.

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With an air of patience and long suffering, Henry advanced to the center of the room and made a profound obeisance. His companions followed the example. Then all approached within a few feet of the platform, and took an oath to tell the truth concerning the charges preferred against me. Kimbal acted as prosecutor.

Abner Young, an awkward oaf, with a receding chin and roving lack-luster blue eyes, testified in brief that he had heard me tell an officer of the United States Army that I would furnish him further information concerning polygamous relations of the Latter Day Saints, giving the day, date, and place. He stepped aside and Walter King testified that I had asked him concerning a Miss Eber, who had been sealed to one of the Bishops sitting as a juror close to my elbow. King testified further that I had remarked that if he were a man of spirit, he would resent his sweetheart's being wrested from him by an old voluptuary.

Such evidence was sufficient to hang a dozen men before that court, but it did not frighten me for a moment. Indeed, I was too angry to care what they said or did to me.

Henry's testimony, or speech rather, was the finest exhibition of hypocrisy that I ever witnessed. In his rich, mellifluous tones he spoke of the earnest, devoted boy, his son, who had won distinction in the work of the church; who had shown exceptional zeal, bravery and promise; how his father's heart had swelled with pride to think that he would leave behind such a worthy and devoted offspring to carry on the good work which he, Henry, in his humble way had exerted his poor power to accomplish. And now the bitterness of

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this hour, his fondest hope and idol shattered, his gray head bowed in shame in the presence of God's Chosen. He closed by saying that he asked only justice for his son, and the privilege of submitting to the Word as revealed in this distressing matter as he had always submitted in all things.

When he finished, the President turned his blazing eyes upon me and roared:

"Stand up, young sir, and tell us if there is any reason why you should not meet the punishment of the damned on earth; why your blood should not atone your misdeeds!"

I rose to my feet, trembling in every limb with anger and not deigning to bow myself as had the others before speaking. The President rapped furiously on his desk, and commanded me to prostrate myself. I replied with equal heat that I prostrated to no man, and that if they would hear me before they murdered me, all mummeries must be laid aside. A murmur of admiration ran around the room, and the President, though purple with anger, nodded to me to go on, in a manner that spoke plainly that though he passed the point, he had no intention of forgetting it. I do not remember all I said, but in substance it was as follows:

"A year ago I was a boy, full of conceit and self-assurance. I was as innocent of evil, intrigue and the ulterior motives of mankind as a child babbling over its rattle. It did not occur to me that anyone who professed our religion would allow lust to override propriety, justice and fundamental decency. Much less did I know or deem that the man who was responsible for my existence was the most loathsome hypocrite that God in His infinite wisdom ever allowed to breathe the pure air of this mountain world of ours. I knew that the beneficent

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Creator had put the venomous snake on earth, but failed to read the lesson taught by its presence—that the price of safety, like the price of liberty, is to be purchased by eternal vigilance. The hand that should have guided me, and the brain that should have taught me, was at that time intriguing to rob me of the woman I loved; to make her his concubine, and me his dupe. You may sit and blink smugly, but you know of what I speak, and you know it is the truth.

“Men, I am accused of having betrayed the secrets of your organization. It is true that I have told of crimes that have been committed by some of your number, which are as black as the sins of Sodom and equally revolting. But I have not broken my word with the “Lions of the Lord” or betrayed any of its secrets. I do not intend to break the oath which I took when I entered this edifice, which is the second offense charged and which is purely anticipatory. Therefore, gentlemen, I give you my word under oath, that I am not guilty of either of the offenses charged.”

“I have a counter complaint to make to this body, which I wish you clearly to understand is not offered to you at this time in extenuation of any offense you may believe me guilty of, but as testimony against the horrible monster that is growing to great and greater strength each day in the social system by which you are governed. It is nothing less than that character-corroding, soul-blighting, hellish business of plural marriage. To that, men, I am a traitor and an undying enemy. Ah! I see your backs stiffen and your hands move to your daggers. But I am not afraid of death. If I were I would neither be here nor would I speak as I do now. Let me tell you why I do not prize life: I have been robbed of all that makes life dear to true manhood; my mate, the wom-

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an I love. Robbed by that loathsome monster that has made you all traitors to your Anglo-Saxon manhood, plural marriage. Plural marriage, I say, and in saying I curse it with a bitterness that will not find expression in words.

"Look at Henry Lorenzo, at once my accuser, my betrayer, my evil genius and my father. Look at him I say, then look at me and ask yourselves which has the blackest soul and whose blood should flow in atonement. A fit, fine and finished product of polygamous deviltry! May justice overtake his villainous gray head! Witness what I say, men, of my parent! And they say to me and to each other, and even dare to whisper it in the innermost secret chambers of your perverted minds that polygamy is the will of a just, loving and merciful God!

"And yet I am haled before this august tribunal to be sentenced to death for betraying this monster, while Henry Lorenzo sits as a smug and honored prophet in your counsels. Men, if my brain ever conceived acts such as you know Henry Lorenzo has committed, even while crazed by trust misplaced, while tortured in the hell of lost hope, while drunk with the madness of despair over the black-dyed trickery, the low-browed cunning that cost me the woman I loved, then men, take my life's blood from me! Blood atonement would be too good. Then I would say drive me out into the cruel and inclement mountains, even as that gentle and innocent child was driven like the crawling and loathsome reptile from the haunts of men.

"You, Henry Lorenzo, say that all you ask is that God's will be done. I say, that if there is a day of judgment for you, that the best your worst enemy could say is that justice be done. You! Oh, 'Prince of God!' You! Oh, gray-bearded genii of the devil,

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I ask the same for you. And I ask it for all present in this room tonight: when the Judgment Day comes, may justice be done in all and to all, and may I be there to witness it. I will welcome it as coolly as I will your taking of my life this night. I am through except that I say: may you all be damned who do not renounce polygamy!"

When I ceased speaking and sat down, there was a momentary pause of silence, save for the shuffling of feet and deep intaking of breath. Then the President said: "Out with him, guards! I thought him a knave only, but it seems he is also a fool."

My bolt was shot. I permitted the guard to hustle me out without a word of resistance. They took me but a few steps down the passageway from whence Henry and the other witnesses entered, and pushed me into a large damp cell lighted by a smoking oil lamp. I took little note of my surroundings, throwing myself face downward on a straw mattress in a corner of the room. One of the guards lingered for a moment, and said: "You were not blindfolded. That will mean 'blood atoned,'" and with that he left, quietly closing and locking the door.

Now that I knew my fate was settled, my wits began to work on the idea of escape. I have no morbid streak in me, and had no intention of being murdered without an attempt at freedom. As soon as the guard closed the door in the passageway after him, I was on my feet and examining the room for a means of escape. It offered none. The floor and the wall were of stone, and the door plated with steel. There was not an article of furniture in the room, except the cot.

The place was oppressively quiet, and something like a panic came upon me. The bold words I had spoken a few moments before were forgotten and I

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began to feel that death was indeed at hand. I thought of prayer, but I now had no God. I rushed madly around the walls of the room for perhaps ten minutes before the panic left me, and my natural courage came back. I stretched myself out on the cot, and endeavored to sleep, but my pulse was running high and my nerves wrought to their highest pitch. In about two hours I heard the door at the end of the corridor open and the sound of many feet. The door to my cell was unlocked, and the "Lions of the Lord," who had been seated in the room during my trial, filed in. One of them read the charges that were made against me, and wound up with the sentence of death which had been decided upon. I was not even to have the honor of being "blood atoned," but was to be taken into the mountains and shot. I sat up on the cot and laughed at them, though my laughter was lacking in mirth. Without further ado, I was bound hand and foot, blindfolded, carried out and thrown into a wagon.

CHAPTER V.

FOR hours the wagon rumbled over the rocks. Tormented in body and mind I rolled about in the bottom of the wagon box. After what seemed an age of time the wagon stopped. Strong, rough hands lifted me out, and dropped me to the ground. I strained hard at the ropes that bound me, but it was useless. I heard my executioners preparing to camp for a meal. Presently the blindfold was taken off my eyes, and I was given a cup of coffee. I looked about and judged the time to be close to mid-day, and the place to be a remote canyon far up in the mountains, northeast of Salt Lake City. My executioners numbered but three. They were all old men, old time zealots, hardened and bigoted. I shivered violently. The cold mountain air was not the sole cause. They went about the business of temporary camp as though the trip was a usual one, as doubtless it was, and likewise the errand. They conversed unconcernedly with one another. I noted two shovels and three rifles lying a few feet from me. They had come prepared. If I could but get my hands on one of the rifles, there would be but one man to use the shovels. Fascinated by their cool, deliberate actions, I watched the men at the camp fire. Evidently I was to be murdered here,—but when? As soon as they finished breakfast, no doubt.

One of my captors sat facing me. His appearance was not prepossessing. One eye was gone, and he wore a long white silky beard, peculiar to the Mor-

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mons of the old school, who never shaved, but allowed the hair on their faces to grow naturally. His hat was off, although it was anything but a warm day, and his long, sparse locks blew about his head in the breeze. They had built their fire close to a high cliff, so high that I could not see the top from where I lay. I was perhaps twenty feet from where they sat, and could hear much of their conversation. Their meal finished, the one-eye man yawned and stretched himself as he arose to his feet, spun around, and dropped to the ground, and the sound of a rifle shot echoed and re-echoed up and down the canyon, followed by another and another. His comrades, too, fell back as they started to rise. I could scarcely credit my eyes. Before the last echoes died away, Edward strode past me, and I shouted for joy. When he saw where the rifles lay, he came to me quickly, and in a trice I was rubbing my stiffened arms and limbs, while Edward coolly examined my would-be executioners. All the time I questioned him incoherently, almost blubbering for joy. But, best of all, there was a swish of feminine garments, and Louise suddenly knelt beside me from behind. I was too startled and stupefied to speak for perhaps a quarter of a minute; but she held out her hand and smiled, and I seized her in my arms. My cup was full!

Louise had been rescued by her brother, who had not dared to tell even me of her existence fearing that I might be watched if I sought her, which I most certainly would have done.

We are "living happy ever after" in prosperity and contentment in the good State of Washington.

[THE END.]

